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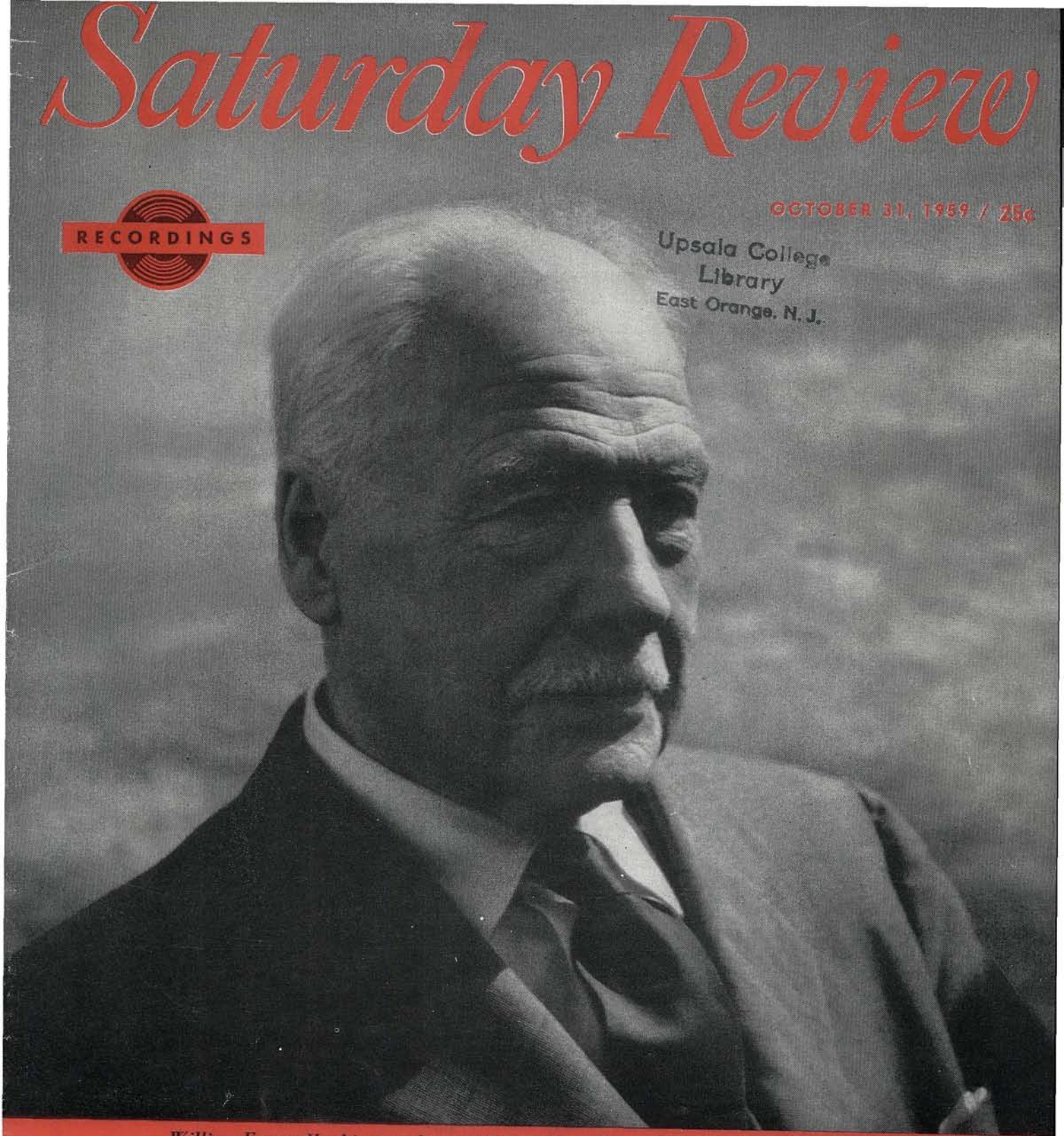

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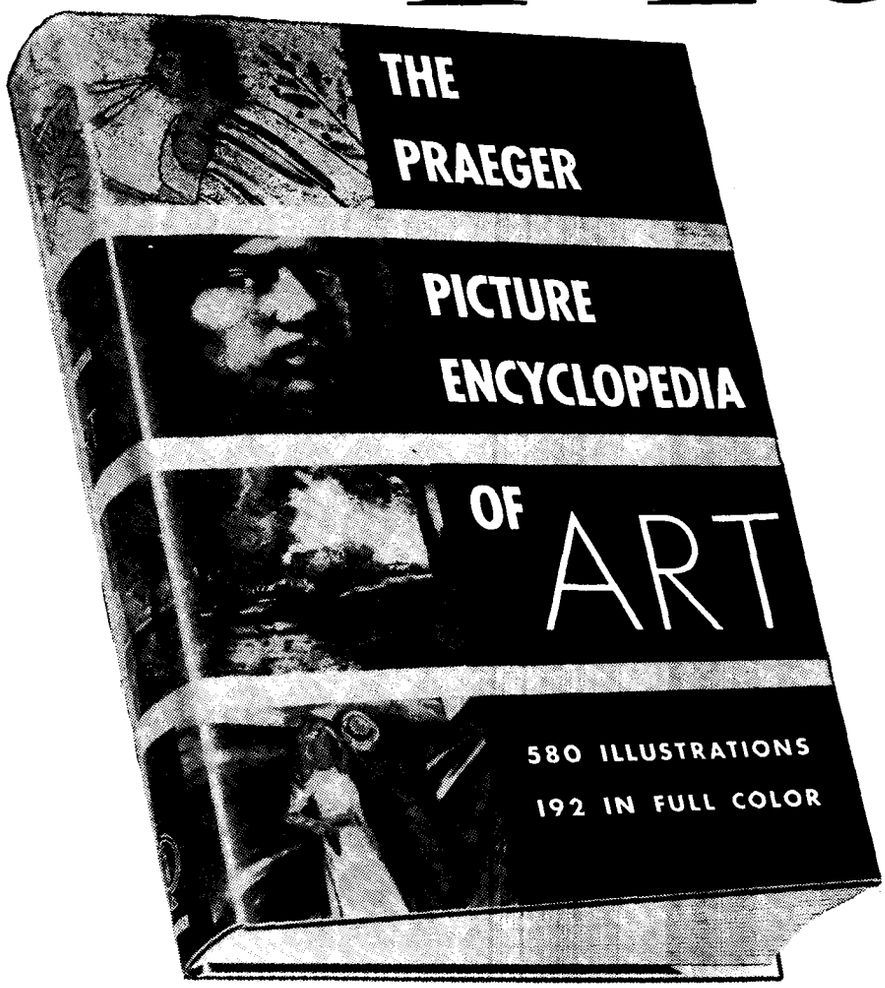

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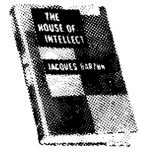

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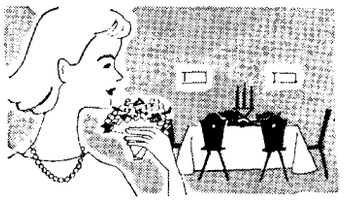

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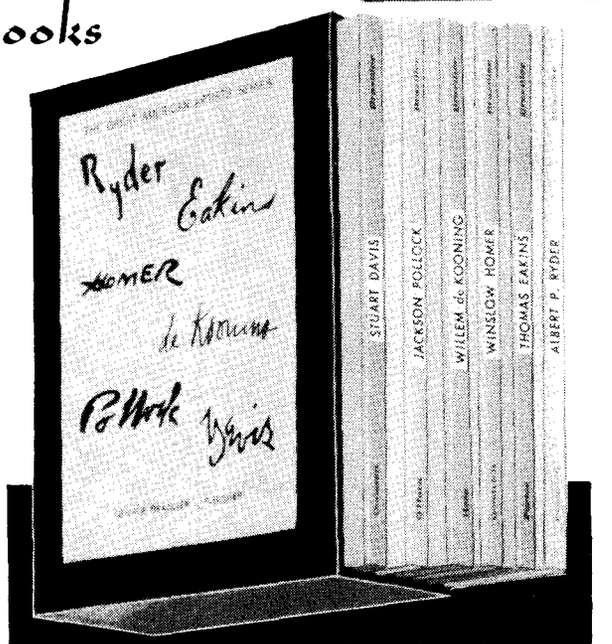

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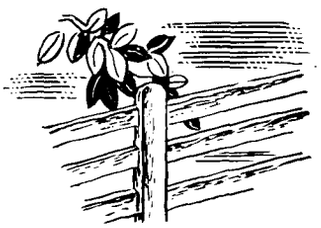

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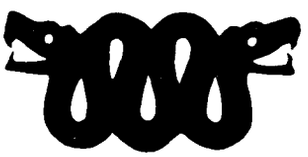

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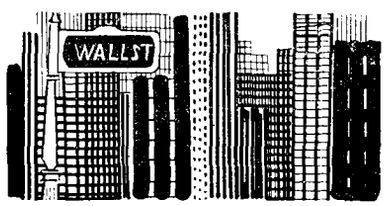
TRADE Winds

WE RECENTLY MADE OUR WAY down to what are usually referred to as the canyons of Wall Street, for the first time in many years. We are happy to report that the Lexington Avenue Express still maintains its old world charm, each car packed with severe and unrelenting jolts, flickering lights, and brief-cased brokers, bankers, and clerks, hurtling downtown like a nervous gaggle of geese.

Reason for our visit was to prowl around the financial district to find out just how two of New York's most venerated financial institutions were taking to their prominent past and now present association with the television quiz shows which are so glaringly under the fishy stare of the House Committee for Legislative Oversight (TRADE WINDS, October 10).

A REVISIT TO Wall Street can be a provocative and stimulating thing. There is an aura of chiseled respectability about the granite and limestone facings of the buildings, the narrow street, the pin-stripe suits, and occasional bowler hats. Finally we reached our destination, the Manufacturers Trust Company at 44 Wall.



WE WERE ON THE track of a Mr. Harold Klein, a vice-president who handles those things about the bank which relate to the general public, and we made known our wish to the polite and rigid guard inside the doors. His momentary and guarded stare reminded us that we were wearing an old but trusted Harris tweed jacket and gray flannels, and made it plain to us that this was *not* the usual uniform affected by those who called on bank vice-presidents. We could do nothing but return his stare coldly, and were informed that we could find our way to the rear elevators, and thence to the fifth floor.

On the way to the elevators, a prominent sign nudged the general public with an ironic fact: SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES NOW AVAILABLE – BASEMENT A. On the wall by the elevator bank (Otis–capacity 2500 lbs.) another notation: THIS WAY TO SAFE DEPOSIT VAULTS. The irony, of course, lay in the immutable fact that it was in these vaults the sacred and untouchable questions had graciously reposed for "The $64,000 Question," delivered to the television studios only under the sharp eyes of two guards, bristling with guns and rounds of ammunition, plus the incorruptible eye of a Mr. Ben Feit, who certified total secrecy.

THERE IS NO REASON WHATEVER to doubt this claim. No bank of repute in the world would violate this kind of trust and custody. But the armed guards become nothing more than honest trimmings when the material originates elsewhere.

IN THE ELEVATOR, we failed to note any floor indicator, and asked a tall, distinguished gentleman with zylonite glasses, a dark trim Brooks Brothers suit, and black shoes if we were nearing the fifth floor. He was happy to escort us out at that point. He also turned out to be Mr. Harold Klein in person, and took us back to his office directly, pausing only to swish down an aspirin tablet at the water fountain.

When we explained the purpose of our visit, his face clouded for a moment but he rallied quickly and was most cordial.

"We rather expected this sort of thing," he said, "and I'm happy to provide you with a statement which you are at liberty to use in any way."

He handed us a tissue carbon, stopping himself for a moment to snip off the source of the statement from the top of the page with a pair of sci sors. Since we have always found that success in reporting comes mainly from the capacity to read memos upside down, we quickly leaped on the two names and pressed in for the kill.

"Would it be possible to speak to Mr. Miner?" we asked, not exactly knowing who Mr. Miner was.

"He's the vice president of our Fifth Avenue Branch," Mr. Klein told us, "and a very splendid fellow. I'm sure he won't be able to tell you any more than you read here, but no one—*no one*—can be shot for trying. Used to be on your side of the desk myself. Know what you're up against."

It turned out that Mr. Klein had indeed been a reporter for AP and the old Brooklyn *Eagle* in some days past. He spoke congenially about every subject except the one at hand, and most amusingly, quoting liberally from

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Nietzsche, Spinoza, and Schopenhauer.

"Could the bank itself have any action against anybody in this?" we asked.

Mr. Klein looked up at the ceiling.

"You know who used to write a great column?" he responded. "*Brisbane.* Good old Brisbane. I suppose he was before your time?"

"What," we asked, "is your own personal reaction to all this fuss about

the quiz shows? How do you feel about it yourself? Emotionally."

"Brisbane," he said, "could quote at length from Shakespeare to Socrates, and he always got the *telling phrase* he needed that way. Quite an art."

THE CANNED RELEASE of the Manufacturers Trust Company states that the role of the bank in connection with the show was merely one of custody.

ALSO INVOLVED IN the problem is the Guaranty Trust Company, now known as the Morgan Guaranty Trust by virtue of its merger with the House of Morgan. They served a similar function for the "$64,000 Challenge."

We entered its red-carpeted, Corinthian-columned premises at 140 Broadway and made our way to the fourth floor on the track of Mr. Bratton, who handles this sort of thing for the organization. We learned that we had landed in some kind of security delivery section, and were whisked by a uniformed guard through a labyrinth of corridors toward the proper office.

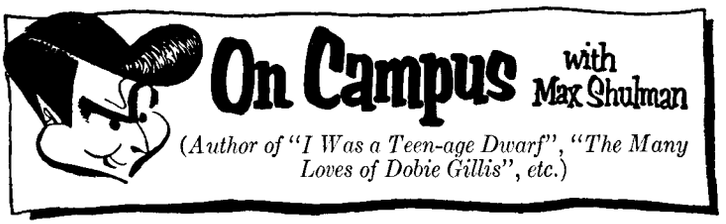
"You've got the wrong building," he told us, "but they're all connected, more or less. I'm taking you right now to a building which is part of 31 Nassau Street, but still part of 140 Broadway, if you get what I mean. Only you will find yourself on the *sixth* floor of 31, even though you're on the *same* floor of 140, if you follow. It all has to do with mezzanines." Down the hall a gentleman walking in earnest intensity was saying:

"These *damn* tabulating cards. They keep *double-feeding*. All the time they keep *double-feeding*. Drives you nuts."

His companion was sympathetic. "You know collating, though."

"*Sure*, I know collating," the first man answered, and his voice trailed off.

MR. BRATTON'S OUTER OFFICE was hushed in pontifical solemnity when we arrived. The carpets were thick, and fiber glass curtains kept away any



STUDYING CAN BE SCREAMS

If studying is bugging you, try mnemonics.

Mnemonics, as we all know, was invented by the great Greek philosopher Mnemon in 526 B.C. (Mnemonics, incidentally, was only one of the inventions of this fertile Athenian. He also invented the staircase which, as you may imagine, was of inestimable value to mankind. Before the staircase people who wished to go from floor to floor were forced to live out their lives, willy-nilly, on the ground floor, and many of them grew cross as bears. Especially Demosthenes who was elected Consul of Athens three times but never served because he was unable to get up to the office of Commissioner of Oaths on the third floor to be sworn in. But after Mnemon's staircase, Demosthenes got up to the third floor easy as pie—to Athens' sorrow, as it turned out. Demosthenes, his temper shortened by years of confinement to the ground floor, soon embroiled his countrymen in a series of senseless wars with the Persians, the Visigoths and the Ogallala Sioux. He was voted out of office in 517 B.C. and Mnemon, who had made his accession possible, was pelted to death with fruit salad in the Duomo. This later became known as the Missouri Compromise.)

But I digress. We were discussing mnemonics, which are nothing more than aids to memory—catchwords or jingles that help you remember names, dates and places. For example:

Columbus sailed the ocean blue
In fourteen hundred ninety-two.

See how simple? Make up your own jingles. What, for instance, is the important event immediately following Columbus's discovery of America? The Boston Tea Party, of course. Try this:

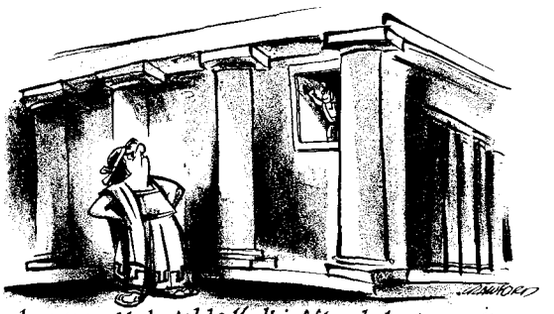
Samuel Adams flung the tea
Into the briny Zuyder Zee.

(NOTE: The Zuyder Zee was located in Boston Harbor until 1904 when Salmon P. Chase traded it to Holland for Louisiana and two outfielders.)

But I digress. To get back to mnemonics, you can see how simple and useful they are—not only for history but also for everyday living; for instance:

In nineteen hundred fifty-nine
The smoke to look for is Alpine.

"Why Alpine?" you ask. Taste that fine, fresh flavor. Enjoy that subtle coolness. Until Alpine you needed two cigarettes to reap the benefits of Alpine—one for flavor, one for high filtration—and smoking two cigarettes is never graceful; in fact, with mittens it is nigh impossible. Now you need only one cigarette—Alpine. Get some. You'll see.


...he was unable to get to the third floor to be sworn in.

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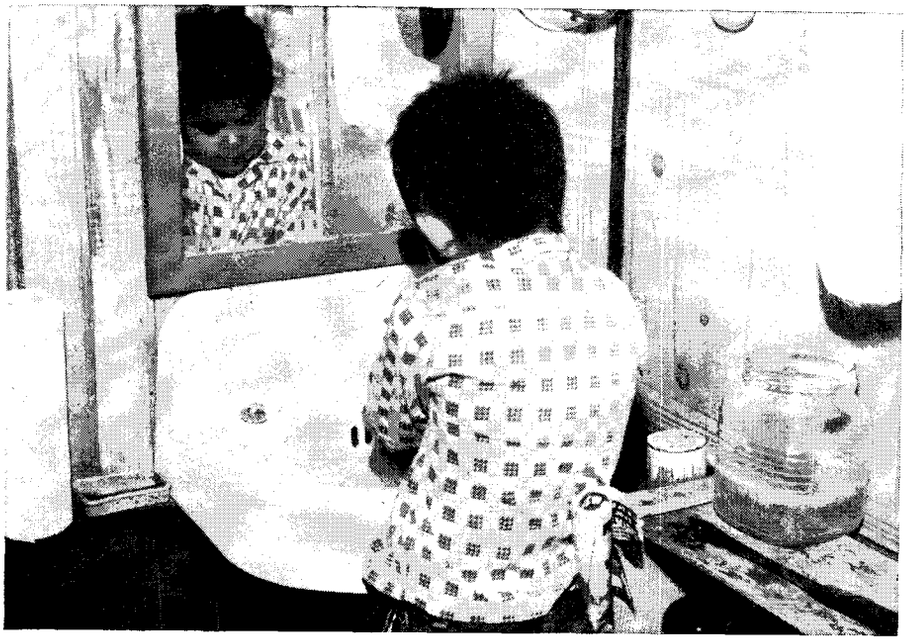

What does Kee Begay see in the mirror?

Does he see a lonely little Indian boy far from home and family or does Kee Begay see himself as *a new kind of American?* At school he is learning to speak English and become proficient in skills that will help him to a place in the outside world. Kee Begay often wonders: what is the outside world like? During his few short years, he has known only extreme poverty at home and a feeling of not belonging at public school.

Unlike most of his non-Indian classmates, Kee Begay has only the bare necessities which the school provides. His family can give him nothing. His father's income depends on occasional employment in a sawmill or temporary work on a vegetable farm off the reservation.

Must Kee Begay return to hopeless poverty?

Encouragement for Kee Begay

Save the Children Federation's Indian Sponsorship Program aims to give such Indian children a more nearly normal social and educational experience. It encourages and aids them to fulfill their roles as useful citizens of our nation. Your sponsorship means direct help to an individual child for such items as clothes, shoes, new books and a little spending money to buy toothpaste, soap—perhaps a class yearbook. But most important, your correspondence gives the child spiritual values beyond calculation—hope, encouragement, aspiration, morale. For a child like Kee Begay, finding his place in school is the first important step toward becoming a useful citizen.

Won't you help a little Indian child to join the main stream of American life? These children with their great cultural heritage, their talents and skills can contribute to a stronger America—if you care enough to be a friend. Use the coupon now to befriend an Indian child.

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Contributions are Deductible from Income Tax SR-10

outside distractions. He greeted us there, an amiable man, brisk but relaxed.

"I know you're not going to like this," he said, "but just about all I can give you is a stock release. Some consolation in that you're the *first* to get it, though."

The release said that the custody consisted of keeping the questions, provided by the producer in sealed envelopes, and that an officer would turn them over to the MC during the program.

"Is this all there is?" we asked.

"Been on your side of the desk myself," Mr. Bratton said. "Wish I could do more for you."

"You realize I've got a column to file tonight, Mr. Bratton?"

"Got a copy here of one of our house organs," he said. "Some interesting things there."

Further pressing was useless in the face of Mr. Bratton's staunch and unshakable regard for his company's policy, and we made our way to the elevators where three secretaries were standing.

"What do you think of it all?" we asked.

"They could fool us just the way they fooled the general public," said one.

"Sorry we got mixed up with the whole thing," said another.

"Whaddya gonna do?" said the third, and the elevator arrived.

FURTHER INVESTIGATION showed that Mr. Feit was out of town on vacation, Mr. Miner could add little, and that it was obvious that the banks were guiltless, though taken in along with all of us.

Riding back uptown in the flickering lights of the subway, we noted in the Guaranty's house organ that steel scrap #1 heavy melting, Pittsburgh, was up from 15 dols. per gross ton in 1913 to 38 dols in 1959; that light native cows, Chicago, had gone from 16¼ to 28, and somehow, suddenly, everything seemed all right with the world.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1335)

JERAULD:
DAYLIGHT-SAVING TIME

By law they took away from me
One hour of April laughter,
When I was tangled deep in love,
And cared not what came after.

Just* now they're giving back to me,
When I am sad and sober,
One lonely, melancholy hour
Of empty, still October.

*Substituted for "And" to get the ·}.

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A complete, *practical* course in advertising and marketing . . . written by one of the world's most successful advertising executives!

Loyd Ring ("Deke") Coleman, author of "The Practice of Successful Advertising" is a Director of the J. Walter Thompson Company, world's largest advertising agency. For forty years, he has been one of the most influential figures in advertising. Probably no man in the history of the business has had so long and intensive experience on so many different accounts, in so many different markets. Probably no man has been in such confidential association with so many leaders of business throughout the world.

Born in Rochester, N.Y., Mr. Coleman has worked in the U.S. and abroad on many of the most successful advertising campaigns ever created. The clients with whom he has been associated include Ford, General Motors, Kellogg's, Kodak, Kraft Foods, Lever Brothers, Parker Pen, Pan American World Airways, Reader's Digest, Union Carbide, J. B. Williams and Wrigley's. He is at present head of J. Walter Thompson's operation in Australia, where "The Practice of Successful Advertising" was recently published and greeted with acclaim. International in scope and coverage, it is now available —in limited supply—to U.S. businessmen.

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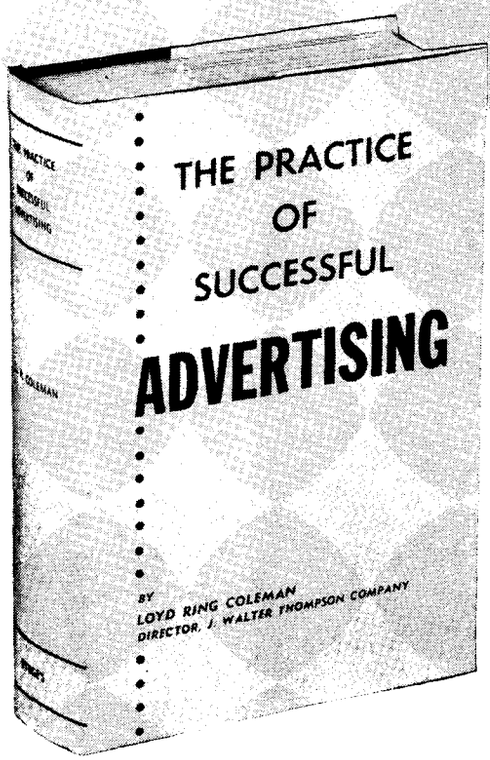

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—J. R. Cominsky, Publisher, Saturday Review

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"A comprehensive, highly readable addition to advertising lore."
—Printer's Ink, October 9th, 1959 Issue

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- set up the advertising budget
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- merchandise soundly
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- use art and type most effectively
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"You get farther faster with verbs than you do with adjectives."

"Copy . . . should be long enough to do its job, and damn all theories of length."

"It has been said that it is dangerous to underestimate competition. It is no less dangerous, and maybe more so, to overestimate it."

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The quality goes in before the name goes on

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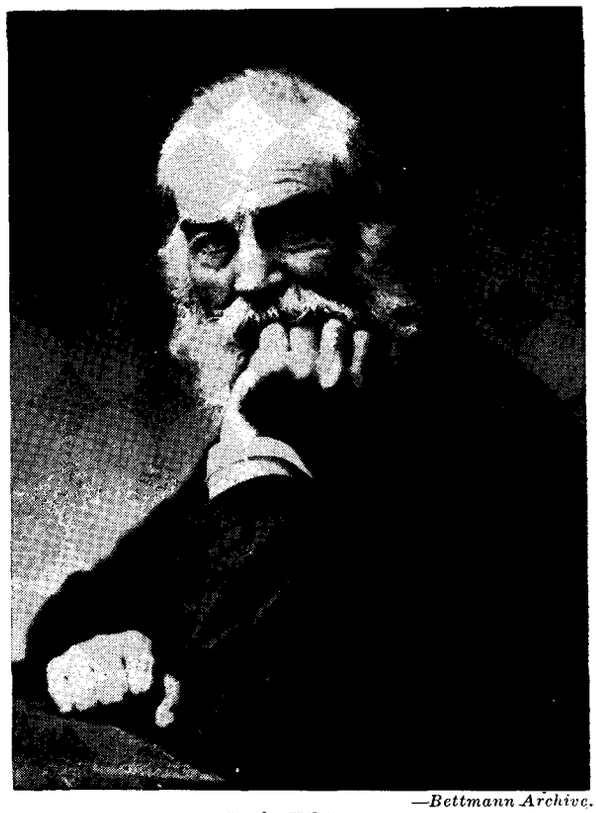
Saturday Review
OCTOBER 31, 1959

WALT WHITMAN'S BURIED MASTERPIECE

By MALCOLM COWLEY,
Writer, lecturer, and critic



—Bettmann Archive.
Walt Whitman

THE FIRST edition of Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," as placed on sale July 4, 1855, bears little outside or inside resemblance to the more familiar editions containing hundreds of poems. It is a thin folio about the size and shape of a block of typewriting paper. The binding is of dark-green pebbled cloth, and the title is stamped in gold, with the rustic letters sending down roots and sprouting above into leaves. Inside the binding are ninety-five printed pages, numbered iv-xii and 14-95. A prose introduction, missing from later editions, is set in double columns on the roman-numeraled pages. The remaining text consists of only twelve poems, all untitled. The first of them—later called "Song of Myself"—is as long as the other eleven together.

In spite of Whitman's best efforts as publisher and anonymous critic of his own book, not many copies were sold, and the first edition has never been widely read, except in the special world of literary scholars. The author himself might well have been forgotten, if it had not been for a single fortunate event. One copy—not in pebbly green cloth but paperbound—had been sent to Emerson, who was the most widely respected American of letters and the man best qualified to understand what the new poet was saying. Emerson wrote a letter of heartfelt thanks. When the letter was printed in the New York *Tribune*—without the writer's permission—it amazed and horrified the little American republic of letters. Nobody agreed with Emerson except a few of the wilder Transcendentalists like Thoreau and Alcott. Whitman was almost universally condemned, at least in the early years, but he would never again be merely what he had described himself as being, "A call in the midst of the crowd."

"Dear Sir," Emerson had said in part, addressing "Mr. Walter Whitman." "I am not blind to the worth of the wonderful gift of 'Leaves of Grass.' I find it the most extraordinary piece of wit and wisdom that America has yet contributed. . . . I give you joy of your free and brave thought. I have great joy in it. I find incomparable things said incomparably well, as they must be. I find the courage of treatment, which so delights us, and which large perceptions only can inspire. I greet you at the beginning of a great career, which yet must have had a long foreground somewhere, for such a start."

Emerson was being impulsive for a Concord man, but he was also trying to make his phrases accurate. Later, disapproving of Whitman's conduct, he would change his mind about the "great career." He would not and could not feel that most of the poems written after 1855 contained "incomparable things said incomparably well." But his praise of the first edition was unqualified, and it tempts me to make some dogmatic statements of my own, about simple truths that should have been recognized long ago.

First statement: that the long opening poem, later miscalled "Song of Myself," is Whitman's greatest work, perhaps his one completely realized work, and one of the great poems of modern times. Second, that the other eleven poems of the first edition are not on the same level of realization, but nevertheless are examples of Whitman's boldest and freshest style. At least four of them—their titles in the "Deathbed" edition are "To Think of Time," "The Sleepers," "I Sing the Body Electric," and "There Was a Child Went Forth"—belong in any selection of his best poems. Third, that the text of the first edition is the purest text for "Song of Myself," since most of his later correc-

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tions are also corruptions of the style and concealments of the original meaning. Fourth, that it is likewise the best text for most of the other eleven poems, but especially for "The Sleepers"—that fantasia of the unconscious—and "I Sing the Body Electric." And a final statement: that the first edition is a unified work, unlike any later edition; that it gives us a different picture of Whitman's achievement; and that—considering how little it is known—it might be called the buried masterpiece of American writing.

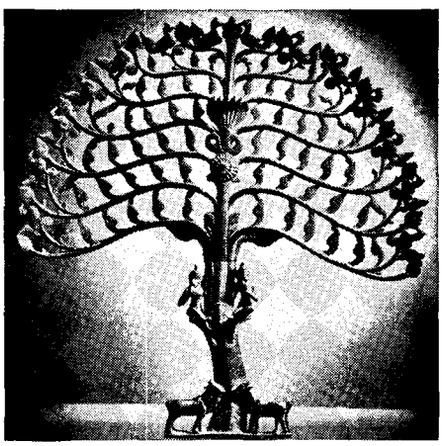
All that remains is to document some of these statements, not point by point, but chiefly in relation to "Song of Myself."

ONE reason, among others, why "Song of Myself" has been widely misprized and misinterpreted, especially by scholars, is that they have paid a disproportionate share of attention to its sources in contemporary culture. Besides noting parallels with Emerson, they have found that it reflected the influence of a number of popular works and spectacles. Among those most frequently mentioned are Italian opera, notably as sung at New York's Astor Place Theatre in the great season of 1852-53; two of George Sand's novels, "The Countess of Rudolstadt" and "The Journeyman Joiner," in the second of which the hero was a carpenter and a proletarian saint; Francis Wright's then famous defense of Epicureanism, "A Few Days in Athens"; the Count de Volney's "Ruins"; Dr. Abbott's Egyptian Museum, on Broadway; O. M. Mitchel's book, "A Course of Six Lectures on Astronomy," with other writings on the subject; and a number of essays that Whitman clipped from the English quarterly reviews, of which he seems to have been a faithful reader.

All these writings and exhibitions had a discernible effect on the poet, but when they are listed with others and discussed at length they lead to one of the misconceptions that are the professional weakness of scholars. They tempt us to conclude that "Song of Myself" was merely a journalist's report, inspired but uneven, of popular culture in the 1850s. It was something more than that, and something vastly different from any of its sources. I might suggest that the real nature of the poem becomes clearer when it is considered in relation to quite another list of works, even though Whitman had probably read none of them in 1855.

Most of those other works he could not have read, because they were not yet written, or not published, or not translated into English. The list might include the "Bhagavad-Gita," the "Upanishads," Christopher Smart's long, crazy, inspired poem "Jubilate Agno," Blake's prophetic books (not forgetting "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell"), Rimbaud's "Illuminations," Lautrémont's "The Chants of Maldoror," and Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra," as well as "The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna" and a compendious handbook, "The Philosophies of India," by Heinrich Zimmer (New York, 1951). I am offering what might seem a curious selection of titles, but its double purpose is easy to explain. "Song of Myself" should be judged, I think, as one of the great inspired (and sometimes insane) prophetic works that have appeared at intervals in the Western world, like "Jubilate Agno" (which is written in a Biblical style often suggesting Whitman's), like the "Illuminations," like "Thus Spake Zarathustra." But the system of doctrine suggested by the poem is more Eastern than Western and might almost be one of those "Philosophies of India" that Zimmer expounds at length.

What is extraordinary about this Eastern element is that Whitman, when



—From "The Art of India" (Phaidon).
Indian Tree of Life and Knowledge

he was writing the poems of the first edition, seems to have known little or nothing about Indian philosophy. It is more than doubtful that he had even read the "Bhagavad-Gita," one of the few Indian works then available to Americans in translation. He does not refer to it in his notebooks of the early 1850s, where he mentions most of the books he was poring over. A year after the first edition was published, Thoreau went to see him in Brooklyn and told him that "Leaves of Grass" was "wonderfully like the Orientals." Had Whitman read them, he asked. The poet answered, "No: tell me about them." He seems to have taken advantage of Thoreau's reading list, since words from the Sanskrit (notably *Maya* and *sudra*) appear in some of the poems written after 1858. They do not appear in "Song of Myself," in spite of the recognizably Indian ideas expressed in the poem, and I would hazard the guess that the ideas are not of literary derivation. A possible explanation might be that Whitman reinvented them for himself, after an experience similar to the one for which the Sanskrit word is *samadhi*, or absorption.

What it must have been was a mystical experience in the proper sense of the term. Dr. Richard Maurice Bucke, the most acute of Whitman's immediate disciples, believed that it took place on a June morning in 1853 or 1854. He also believed that it was repeated on other occasions, but neither these nor the original experience can be dated from Whitman's papers. On the other hand, the poet's notebooks and manuscripts of the early 1850s are full of sidelong references to such an experience, and they suggest that it was essentially the same as the illuminations or ecstasies of earlier bards and prophets. Such ecstasies consist in a rapt feeling of union or identity with God (or the Soul, or Mankind, or the Cosmos), a sense of ineffable joy leading to the conviction that the seer has been released from the limitations of space and time and has been granted a direct vision of truths beyond argument. As Whitman says in the famous fifth chant of "Song of Myself":

> Swiftly arose and spread around
> me the peace and joy and knowledge that pass all the art and
> argument of the earth;
> And I know that the hand of God
> is the elderhand of my own,
> And I know that the spirit of God
> is the eldest brother of my own,
> And that all the men ever born
> are also my brothers . . . and the
> women my sisters and lovers.

There is of course no argument about the real occurrence of such ecstasies. They have been reported, often in sharp detail, by men and women of many different nations, at many historical periods, and each report seems to bear a family resemblance to the others. Part of the resemblance is a feeling universally expressed by mystics that they have been granted a special sort of knowledge not learned from others, but directly revealed to the inner eye. This supposed knowledge has given independent rise to many systems of philosophy or cosmology, once again in many different cultures; and once again there is, or should be, no argument about one feature of almost all the systems or bodies of teaching: that they too have a family resemblance, like the experiences on which they are based. Indeed, they exhibit so many common features that it has been possible for Aldous Huxley and others to group them all together as "the perennial philosophy."

The arguments over "ecstasies" re-

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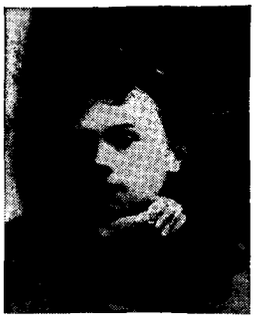
William Blake—nightmares as windows opened on reality.

ate first to the nature of the mystical state—is it a form of self-hypnosis, is it a pathological condition induced by fasting, vigils, drugs, and other means of abusing the physical organism, or is it, as Whitman believed, the result of superabundant health and energy? Secondly, these arguments concern the source and value of the philosophical notions to which the state gives rise. Do these merely express the unconscious desires of the individual, and chiefly his sexual desires? Or, as Jungian psychologists like to suggest, are they derived from a racial or universally human unconscious? Are they revelations or hallucinations? Are they supreme doctrines, or are they false, heretical, and even satanic? Certainly they belong in the orthodox tradition of Indian philosophy. In Western Christianity, as also in Mohammedanism, the pure and self-consistent forms of mysticism are usually regarded as heresies, with the result that several of the medieval mystics were burned at the stake.

Whitman cannot be called a Christian heretic, for the simple reason that he was not a Christian at any stage of his career, early or late. In some of the poems written after the Civil War, and in revisions of older poems made at the same period, he approached the Christian idea of a personal God, whom he invoked as the Elder Brother or the great Camerado. But then he insisted, in another poem of the same years, that God was not a trinity but a quaternity, and that one of his faces was the "sudra face" of Satan. In "Song of Myself" as originally written, God is neither a person nor, in the strict sense, even a Being; God is an abstract principle of energy that is manifested in every living creature, including "the grass that grows wherever the land is and the water is."

LIKE most of the other poems in the first edition, "Song of Myself" is hardly at all concerned with American nationalism, political democracy, industrial progress, or other social themes that are commonly associated with Whitman's work. The "incomparable things" that Emerson found in it are philosophical or religious principles. Its real subject is a state of illumination induced by two (or three) separate moments of ecstasy. In more or less narrative sequences it describes those moments, their sequels in life, and the doctrines to which they give rise; but the doctrines are not expounded by logical steps or supported by arguments. Instead they are presented dramatically, that is, as the new convictions of a hero, and they are revealed by successive unfoldings of his states of mind.

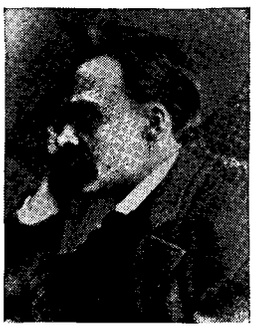


Arthur Rimbaud — the biographer of darkness.

There has been a good deal of discussion about the structure of the poem. In spite of revealing analyses made by a few Whitman scholars—notably Carl F. Strauch and James E. Miller, Jr.—a feeling still seems to prevail that it has no structure, properly speaking; that it is inspired but uneven, repetitive, and especially weak in its transitions from one theme to another. I suspect that much of this feeling is due to Whitman's later changes in the text, including his arbitrary scheme—first introduced in the 1867 edition—of dividing the poem into fifty-two numbered paragraphs or chants. One is tempted to read the chants as separate poems, thus overlooking the unity and flow of the work as a whole. It may also be, however, that most of the scholars have been looking for something that does not exist.

What they have tried to find, I suspect, is the geometrical sort of pattern that can be explained and diagramed in some of the later poems. If there is no such pattern in "Song of Myself," that is because the poem was written on a different principle, one much closer to the spirit of the Symbolists and even the Surrealists. The true structure of the poem is not logical but psychological, and it is not a geometrical figure but a narrative and musical progression. As music, "Song of Myself" is not a symphony with contrasting movements, nor is it an operatic work like Whitman's later "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," in which arias are mingled with recitatives. It comes closer to being a rhapsody or tone poem, one that modulates from theme to theme, often changing in key and tempo, but always preserving its unity of feeling as it moves onward in a wavelike flow. As narrative—and essentially it *is* a narrative—the poem deals with the contrasting sequels to separate moments of ecstasy.

After the first of those moments, presented in the famous fifth chant, the poet-hero feels that his eyes have been opened to the miracle of familiar things, even the smallest of which contains the infinite universe. He observes men and women at their daily occupations, and concludes that he is part of this life; even his thoughts, he says, are those of all men in all lands and ages. There are two things to be noted about this sequence (chants 6-19), which contains some of Whitman's freshest lyrics. First, the people with a very few exceptions are those whom Whitman has known all his life, while the scenes described are Manhattan streets and Long Island beaches or countryside. Second, the poet merely roams, watches, and listens, like a sort of Tiresias. The keynote of the sequence is the two words "I observe."



Friedrich Nietzsche — he spoke power to truth.

The second ecstatic moment (or double moment) is presented in chants 26-29, and it has a very different effect. What it confers on the poet-hero is not a microscopic vision of familiar things, but a telescopic and spiritual vision that enables him to see far into space and time. He ranges over the continent, he fights at sea beside John Paul Jones, he even goes speeding through the heavens among tailed meteors. His secret is the power of identification. Since everything emanates from the universal soul, and since his own soul is of the same essence, he can identify himself with every object and with every person living or dead, heroic or criminal. Whereas the keynote of the

(*Continued on page* 32)

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Paradox of the Strange and Familiar

By Granville Hicks

THE WINNER of the Macmillan Fiction Contest for 1959 is "**Krishna Fluting,**" by John Berry ($3.95), a novel that is not at all like anything else I can think of. The setting is exotic, the characters are unusual, the form is unorthodox, the style is individual. It is a puzzling book at times, but it pleases even when it mystifies. Mr. Berry is a young writer who goes his own way, and it is a real satisfaction to accompany him on his path.

John Berry

The hero is Peter Bruff, poet and hunter, whose father, an American Friend, married a Kashmiri woman because of his internationalist principles. Peter comes to Tashiling in the Himalayas—site of a Friends' school in which he is interested—in order to slay a man-eating python.

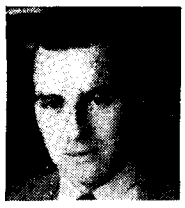
Although the narrative proceeds in a guileless fashion, the story is in fact uncommonly complicated. Peter is involved with three women: a passionate and dangerous Tibetan, a charming Hindu, and an unpredictable Quakeress. Moreover, there are constant allusions to past adventures of his, almost as if this were a sequel to another book. And his life is also involved with the by no means uncomplicated lives of a couple of friends.

All these complexities, however, are subordinated to Peter's effort to achieve self-knowledge and self-mastery, so that he can complete the epic he is trying to write. Two forms of mysticism, Quaker and Hindu, confront each other, and he is unceasingly aware of both. Reality in the book is always elusive, and sometimes it approaches fantasy, but Berry never crosses the line. Although there is throughout a dreamlike quality—and much is made of dreams—Berry is not trying to escape from reality but is seeking to enlarge our sense of it.

His success is demonstrated in the final episode, the killing of the python. This is pure nightmare, but it is also a precise and thrilling description of a chase, as absorbing as Faulkner's tale of the bear or Hemingway's story of the old man and his great fish. To be sure, poetic justice is done, but even here Berry has considered what is plausible as well as what is suitable.

By this time, in any case, the reader is willing to accept almost anything, for the atmosphere that has been created invites the suspension of disbelief. The strangeness and richness of mountain and jungle, the quiet assumptions of the variously devout, and the intermingling of the primitive and the ultrasophisticated, cajole us into credulity. It is to Berry's credit that he does not take undue advantage of the effect he achieves but insists on bringing us back to earth. He might well have been merely a young man who was lucky enough to have some exotic material at his disposal and who was clever enough to be able to exploit it; but obviously he is considerably more than that.

The scene of Thomas Williams's "**Town Burning**" (Macmillan, $4.50) is anything but exotic. The New England small town—here it is called Leah, New Hampshire—is familiar to many of us in fact, to all of us in fiction. Leah's population is dwindling, its farms growing up to brush. It has its tough-fibered old-timers, a few pretentious women, a family of city slickers, one or two outcasts, some youngsters who use motorcycles to express their rebellion.



Thomas Williams

The hero is familiar, too. In fact, he is the classic hero of our time—the young man who is committed to nothing. His name is John Cotter; he is a veteran of World War II; he has been living in Paris; he wants to write. Called back to Leah by the serious illness of his brother, he feels hate and fear reawakening within him, and the impulse to flee is strong, but he faces up to the town and to himself.

The reader knows how the story will come out, but interest mounts because Williams shows so many sides of John's development. His relationship with his family—the weak father, the domineering mother, the warped brother—is fully explored. There is a girl, of course. In fact, there are two girls, but only one of them contributes to John's change of heart. She contributes a great deal, but before he can commit himself to her, he has to come to terms with many other persons. Each of John's problems is carefully explored, and his progress is recorded in a series of dramatic scenes.

The climax comes with a fire that destroys part of Leah as well as nearby forests and farms. From the first we are conscious of the approach of calamity, for we are again and again reminded that the season is dry, the wind is strong, and the smell of smoke is in air. The disaster is, as one knows it will be, a test for John, but instead of yielding to the temptation to have one whopping big scene, Williams allows John to face a series of minor crises. The author's grasp of the complexities of John's character convinces the reader that John's conversion does take place and is a matter of some importance. The novel has none of the happy spontaneity of "Krishna Fluting," but there is scrupulous honesty and a full measure of insight.

Dean Brelis's "**Shalom**" (Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4) is less satisfying than either "Krishna Fluting" or "Town Burning." The theme is the struggle of a group of Jewish refugees to reach Palestine in 1948. Brelis approaches his theme obliquely, by way of an American seaman, Joseph Zwi, who is Jewish on his mother's side. At the outset Joseph, like Williams's John Cotter, is disengaged, but, as captain of the refugee ship, he becomes more and more committed to the Jewish cause. By this time, however, Brelis is concentrating his attention on Milka, once Joseph's girl, and Michael, with whom she is now in love. Joseph does not reach the Promised Land, but Milka and Michael presumably do.

Brelis's first novel, "The Mission," a story of the war in Burma, was uncommonly successful in its evocation of a particular scene and in its portrayal of the narrator-hero. By comparison, "Shalom" is crude. The writing is unfortunate, sometimes distressingly melodramatic, sometimes flat.

Dean Brelis

None of the characters is fully developed, and some of them are merely sketched in. The orations of a blind patriarch, which are supposed to bear witness to Brelis's seriousness, are not convincing. Something has gone wrong.

As has often enough been said, a writer takes his subjects where he finds them and makes of them what he can. Dean Brelis, who seemed at home in Burma, does not get on comfortably with Marseilles and the Mediterranean—though he knew both as a newspaperman in 1948. John Berry does not hesitate to exploit the exoticism of the Himalayas, but in the end he contrives to make the strange seem familiar. Thomas Williams, on the other hand, digs deep enough into the familiar to make it seem strange.

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TROUBLES OF TWO WORLDS

A Consideration of the Future

"Strength of Men and Nations," by William Ernest Hocking *(Harper. 248 pp. $3.50), urges that the U. S. and the USSR break their impasse and build upon certain "identical elements of purpose." Frank Altschul is chairman of the Committee on International Policy of the National Planning Association.*

By Frank Altschul

"THE DEPTHS of darkness, of desperate revolt, of possible disaster now confronting and explored by the human spirit are a measure of the call of this age to greatness." On this somber note William Ernest Hocking, eminent scholar, trained in the rugged discipline of philosophy, brings to a close his penetrating study entitled "Strength of Men and Nations." To suggest how we as a people may best answer this call, how we may most effectively meet the challenge of the times, is the task he has undertaken in this arresting volume.

Acutely aware that the "traditions of statesmanship, the time-tried formulas, furnish no sure guidance in a situation that has no precedents and no parallels," Professor Hocking is impressed by the circumstance that "*no one has an adequate substitute* for conflict, in order to reach settlements that must be achieved." His underlying purpose is to find, if at all possible, such a substitute. To what extent he has been successful in the quest depends in large measure on the accuracy of each element in his analysis. And about this there will be inevitable differences of opinion.

Thoughtful observers will be in full agreement with much that the author has to say. The need for an informed and constructive diplomacy that savors neither of appeasement nor of rigidity is abundantly evident. The lack of a clearly defined national purpose supported by the will to achieve it has long troubled many of us. And Professor Hocking directs attention to certain elements in our behavior that greatly handicap us in the contest for the minds of men. His indictment in this respect is in no sense overdrawn.

Whatever the differences between the Soviet Union and ourselves—and no attempt is made to minimize their seriousness—Professor Hocking asserts that we share certain "identical elements of purpose implied in human nature itself." And by way of example, he cites "the all-human preference for being alive rather than blasted to atoms, and for order rather than for chaos—concern for full human development, aversion to futility, will to participate in a history having total significance, demand to know the total scientific and beyond-scientific truth about the world we live in and the place of common human values in a noncommittal universe . . ." And he feels that the hope of escaping from the prevailing impasse lies in building upon these shared objectives.

HOW securely we may build depends in the first instance on an accurate interpretation of the nature of the conflict in which we are engulfed. Clearly it is not between capitalism and Communism—an illusion that was so sedulously cultivated during Chairman Khrushchev's recent visit—or merely between individualism and Socialism. At least until quite recently it could more fairly have been defined as a struggle to protect the territorial integrity and the basic values of the Western world from an encroaching Soviet imperialism —a struggle in which the Communist ideology, subject to minor modifications in response to changing circumstances, was used as an effective weapon in the Kremlin's extensive armory.

And this may still prove to be a fair definition. But here Professor Hocking sounds a note of cautious optimism. In his view, "the ingredient of tyranny, still present in spots, is on the way out: . . . the point of greatest dictatorial stress is passed, and—barring war—will continue to diminish; and . . . a substantial proportion of the public is affirmatively with the government's visible and tangible objectives . . ." These objectives, it must be presumed, include peaceful coexistence, disarmament, and the approximate realization of the Seven Year Plan. About the last of these we need have no misgivings. But long experience with Soviet duplicity entitles us to a degree of skepticism in regard to "peaceful coexistence" and "disarmament." The former may be no more than a cloak for the accomplishment of Soviet aims without recourse to war, and the latter merely an adroit maneuver in the field of propaganda, devoid of meaningful content.

Of all this Dr. Hocking is fully aware:

> . . . the USSR has an inherited mandate, with the compelling force of an ideological goal, *for world revolution.* And, to all appearances, the pressure to move toward that goal, to expand the area of political sway, remains unabated: Russia seems prepared in favorable circumstances—adjacency, etc.—to impose this mandate on regions indisposed to the revolution. The word "coexistence" is invoked to lull apprehension; but each side has reason to doubt its final validity in the mind of the other.

Yet, while the skeptical approach is

"On behalf of our pilot, Captain Nomikumi, our stewardess, Miss Gichakizi, and Micronesian Expressways, I want to wish you all a speedy, comfortable migration."

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amply warranted, it is imperative that we avoid dogmatism. Changes which we are inclined to regard as purely tactical may just possibly have a deeper significance. Dr. Hocking believes that they have. And what is at least as important, he thinks that the prevailing climate of mutual distrust "exists for good and sufficient reasons, *on both sides.*" He argues persuasively that we explore every avenue of fruitful compromise and that—at the same time—we re-examine as objectively as possible the reasons for this mutual distrust.

With all of this, presumably, there will be general agreement. But here a word of warning is required. The period of exploration, of reexamination, may well result in what is popularly described as a "relaxation of tension." In this event there will be the inevitable temptation to relax our efforts, particularly military and economic. We must resist this temptation. For to yield to it would be at once premature and perilous.

Example from the Past

"The Communist Subversion of Czechoslovakia 1938-1948," by Josef Korbel *(Princeton University Press. 258 pp. $5), studies the process of Communization of Czechoslovakia based on firsthand experience. Henry C. Wolfe, who has known the country for the past thirty-seven years, was decorated by the Czechoslovak Republic with the Order of the White Lion.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

THE FALL of Czechoslovakia to Communism was one of the most significant events of the post-World War II era. It was the blow that disillusioned many liberals about the Soviet Union and helped awaken the nations of Western Europe to the need of forming a coalition to block the westward march of Soviet imperialism. This was no backward country that fell prey to the Kremlin's infiltration, but a highly cultured, industrially developed, socially advanced democracy. How did it happen?

Josef Korbel, author of "The Communist Subversion of Czechoslovakia 1938-1948," writes on the basis of first-hand experience and painstaking research. A veteran of fourteen years in the Czechoslovakian Foreign Ministry, he brings to bear an authority and a familiarity with his nation's affairs that make this chronicle both good history and interesting reading. He says that "a definitive study of the process of the Communization of Czechoslovakia will have to await the day when Soviet documents and those of the Communist Party" are available. Meantime, his somber and moving account is as nearly definitive as is possible.

Although long-range Kremlin policy called for the absorption of Czechoslovakia into the Soviet empire, at least three major factors hastened the tragedy: the Munich settlement, the Nazi occupation of Czechoslovakia, and, finally, the order that halted General Patton's victorious army at Pilsen.

As long ago as 1929, Klement Gottwald, Czechoslovakian Communist boss, voiced this threat to Parliament: "We go to Moscow to learn from the Russian Bolsheviks how to twist your neck. And you know that Russian Bolsheviks are masters at it." Until the Munich debacle, however, the Czechoslovakian Communists remained a rather impotent minority. After the shattering disillusionment suffered by the Czechs and Slovaks over the Munich surrender, they turned away from the West. Not even the Nazi-Soviet deal could undo the harm. And once Hitler attacked the Soviet Union, many non-Communists believed that they could trust Gottwald and his party.

When the Russian army entered Czechoslovakia "pillage and rape were the order of the day." Gottwald and his men set in motion "operation grand deceit, a carefully prepared plan to capture the minds of the great masses . . ." It produced "remarkable results." There was something for everybody except "Fascists and reactionaries," Kremlinese for opponents of Communism.

Through the Ministry of Information the Communists got control of the radio, press, and cinema. In Prague, for instance, the Red newspapers received enough paper to print 1,030,000 copies; all the non-Communist publications together got only enough to put out 743,000 copies. Through the Communist-controlled National Committees, Gottwald's power reached the smallest villages and the most remote farms. Former Gestapo agents were recruited for the Communist Party, while some of the republic's finest patriots were persecuted as collaborators. Among the latter, for example, was Petr Zenkl, a staunch democrat who spent six years in Buchenwald.

One of the strangest aspects of a strange story was President Benes's continuing refusal to believe that Gottwald and his followers were not "Czechs and Slovaks first, Communists second." Barely a month before his democracy was overthrown, the President flatly assured Mr. Korbel that "there will be no putsch." The democratic leaders "could not bring themselves to believe in a Communist revolution and they failed to make preparations to counteract such an eventuality." When Gottwald was ready to strike, it was too late for the democrats to act. Only the university students, "traditionally the flower of the nation's progressive thinking," made "a public manifestation in support of democracy in the streets of the ancient capital." The Prague police fired on them.

Several nations and a great many individuals were involved, in one way or another, in the preparation for the catastrophe that engulfed the "island of democracy" early in 1948. But many Americans forget that we, too, had a hand in it. When our army stopped at Pilsen it was a tacit admission that we acknowledged Czechoslovakia to be part of the Soviet sphere of influence.

The author writes:

> Though the road to Prague was open, with little if any German resistance, his [Patton's] army did not advance. On higher orders they stopped when they reached the point already agreed upon with the Soviet High Command. The shadow of Teheran blotted out Czechoslovakia's last hope.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 854

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 854 will be found in the next issue.

L FBGCPALH BM L
ALK DEP LCDLNM
TXAXAQXTM L DPALK'M
QBTHEFLN QSH KXRXT
TXAXAQXTM EXT LZX.
—TPQXTH YTPMH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 853

A bachelor never quite gets over the idea that he is a thing of beauty and a boy forever.
—ELEANOR ROWLAND.

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FICTION

Out of Hope, Faith, and Absinthe

***"Best Short Stories from the* Paris Review"** *(Dutton, 245 pp. $4) and* **"Short Story 2"** *(Scribners, 331 pp $4.50) are two collections that between them sample the works of many contemporary young writers. Herbert Gold, whose novels include "The Optimist" and "The Man Who Was Not With It," is the editor of a forthcoming short-story anthology, "Fiction of the Fifties."*

By Herbert Gold

ACCORDING to William Styron's wittily combative introduction to this anthology, the *Paris Review* was created in splendid dilettantism seven years ago by a group of elegant young men strongly influenced by a warm early spring, hope, faith, and absinthe. The Scribner's Short Story Series, of which the second book under consideration is volume two, seems to have been solemnly knitted together in the offices of the firm, with no more heady ambition than that of "offering a body of material which is truly representative of each author's work"; in other words, this is an inexpensive way of bringing young writers to the attention of a small audience and, incidentally, committing them to the publisher's contractual embrace. Both ventures, so divergently motivated, should be welcomed. It is always springtime for the young storyteller and for the ardent lover of that true lie which is a fine story.

If there are wild manifestations of editorial caprice in the history of the *Paris Review*, they have been pruned away for this occasion. And the anonymous editors of Scribners have chosen work that at least aspires to the highest seriousness. The differences between these two anthologies seem finally to be those of individual quality in specific writers, not of editorial intention.

In "Short Stories 2," the youngest writer, Arno Karlen, reveals a pessimistic existentialism with the deathly specter of Samuel Beckett hovering over it, but his stories about the crippled and the deformed have a genuine, convinced intensity despite melodramatic preoccupations with "some one breathless apotheosis of existence." Sally Weber's is a soft, indecisive, creative-writing prose: "This might lead to more than the kisses they had known before. What could she gracefully do? How had she let this situation develop?" Michael Rumaker has that hip, beat, cool, and frantic on-the-road toughness, which is well on the road to becoming an academic conceit, as did the proletarian story of the Thirties when it degenerated to fashion. The most accomplished writer of the group is Gertrude Friedberg, whose domestic fantasies, tempered with close and accurate observation, make their ironic points with precision and the modified impact favored by *The New Yorker*. Her stories "The Wayward Cravat," "Where Moth and Rust," and "The Vanishing Wallet" display a unity of tone and a coherent intelligence which indicate a writer who knows her path and may even strike out onto a bolder one.

"Best Short Stories from the *Paris Review*" includes work by writers who are already building their reputations: Evan S. Connell, Mac Hyman, Terry Southern, John Phillips, Jack Kerouac, Pati Hill, Owen Dodson, and others. The Kerouac story delivers the mixture as before, but this one dates from the time when it was still pretty fresh. John Phillips's "The Engines of Hygeia" is a desolating long story about sickness and love, brilliantly convincing. Philip Roth's "The Conversion of the Jews" illustrates the chief problem faced by this very gifted young writer: whether he is to go where the pickings are easy, in the land of the wisecrack, the vaudeville irony, the facile effect, or whether he will develop as an important American novelist. Perhaps the discovery of the book is Hughes Rudd, who delivers himself of a coyote yell of barren desire in "The Fishers," which evokes the depression hour of 1932 with comic ingenuity and horror.

These books both testify to the continuing importance of the short story as a form and the need for great tenacity on the part of readers. As William Styron says in his introduction to the *Paris Review* collection, "Contemporary writing possesses a vitality and meaningfulness that will not be wished away." Those who love the short-story form may sometimes wish that genius would assert itself more imperatively, but just as in love we must forgive flaws, so we try to see through to the significant instants within these groups of contemporary stories.

Illustrations by Keogh in Paris Review, *Vol. 16.*

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Monkey Morality

"Poor No More," by Robert Ruark *(Holt. 706 pp. $5.95), traces the rise and ultimate fall of a modern business tycoon. Literary critic David Boroff's comments on American manners and morals appear frequently in national magazines.*

By David Boroff

IN HIS new novel, Robert Ruark, columnist and author of the best-selling "Something of Value," has written a tumultuous saga of a contemporary buccaneer, Craig Price, whose passion to be "poor no more" propelled him to carve out an empire. When Craig was a boy in North Carolina, his ne'er-do-well grandfather urged him to "treat life like an enemy . . . kick 'em first and argue later." Craig did not require much inciting. His appetites, sharpened by want, were boundless, and he became a man "with a strong stomach and the morals of a monkey."

His rise was rapid, and each of the way stations was littered with people he abandoned or destroyed. He married Maybelle Grimes for her father's textile mill and later, to gain a second mill, gave her the child she wanted. (Emotions for Craig Price were merely counters in complex financial transactions.) After that it was one coup after another—and one repudiated loyalty after another. His financial wizardry built him an empire, a paper empire, and one of the book's authentic strengths is its account of how great wealth soon becomes a chimera of leases, proxies, and tax claims. The huge pyramid ultimately collapses, and Craig Price, alone, down to his last million, and shadowed by the threat of prison, confronts the wreckage of his life.

Robert Ruark--Suggestive of Hemingway

He was as voracious and restless sexually as he was in business. He neglected his wife, who drifted into alcohol-soaked self-pity and self-destruction. His daughter became a kind of rich beatnik, thirsting for parental love and settling for kicks. As a young tycoon, Price had a beautiful and compliant mistress-secretary, whom he scuttled as part of a union settlement. His second marriage was painfully ephemeral. And for casual relaxation, there was a parade of call girls and the accessible wives of business associates.

Readers will be reminded of Dreiser's power-haunted, money-hungering heroes. There is the same poetry of desire, the vulgar enchantment with the great world, the ferocious lunge at the main chance. (There is a passage celebrating the joys of eating at 21: "Never had he seen such handsome people, such gay and hearty people . . . extracting such enjoyment out of the mere act of eating and laughing and talking.") But Robert Ruark feels obliged to disapprove, if only perfunctorily, of his cormorant-hero. And this is where the novel founders. For if this is a morality play, it lacks a moral center, a shaping set of values. Like Ayn Rand, the author glories in his hero's brutality and predatory energy. Craig Price's fall is neither a vindication of a moral order, nor a tragic descent. It is simply tough luck for a tough guy. "Poor No More" is thematically empty.

It is also an exercise in shallow and uncritical cynicism. Price's Negro servant Jazzbo is a racist portrait right out of a minstrel show. The only two Jewish characters are moneylenders, albeit benevolent ones. World War II is simply an episode in carpetbaggery for Price, who manipulates priorities "with broads and booze." If the creed of big business is defined as "the 12 per-cent doxology," the image of union officials is no more flattering. America is simply a moral wasteland.

The influence of Hemingway is frequently apparent. A woman falls from grace when she has the effrontery to behave like a wife. ("I hope she's not going to go wife on me. I don't want a wife. I want a friend," Price says.) Though the author handles bedding-down scenes with authority, love discomfits him, and the love-talk is embarrassingly arch. There is even a golden-hearted whore to whom Price turns in an extremity of woe. Suggestive of Hemingway, too, is the nervous drama of masculinity; the protagonist is constantly appraising his manhood. It will surprise no one that the mentor's Eagle Scout lyricism about hunting and fishing finds its way into this book. There is even an idyllic safari in Kenya.

All in all, this book provides an unsavory portrait of high life in America, without even the modulations of decency that John O'Hara offers in "From the Terrace," a similar but far better novel. Ruark's distorted values do not, however, obscure his genuine gifts as storyteller. "Poor No More" is a rancorous book, even an ugly one, but it is fast-paced and absorbing. In the end, its chief contribution is to remind us that there are worse things than timid Organization Men—*e.g.*, fearless tycoons.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

LYRIC (AND OTHER) JAILBIRDS

Herewith a group of literary lawbreakers of England, together with a police blotter of their transgressions and of the lockups in which they were detained. Elizabeth Keen, of New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, asks you to match writer, offense, and place of confinement. Key Columns Two and Three on Column One. Culprits are sprung on page 34.

1. Francis Bacon	( )	Tailor's debt of seven pounds	( )	Bedford Gaol
2. John Bunyan	( )	Taking bribes	( )	The Clink, Southwark
3. Daniel Defoe	( )	Writing and acting in "The Isle of Dogs"	( )	The Gatehouse, Westminster
4. Leigh Hunt	( )	Royalist activities	( )	Horsemonger Lane Gaol
5. Ben Jonson	( )	Preaching without a license	( )	Marshalsea Prison
6. Thomas Lodge	( )	Writing "The Shortest Way with the Dissenters"	( )	Newgate Prison
7. Richard Lovelace	( )	Libel	( )	Reading Gaol
8. Oscar Wilde	( )	Offences under the Criminal Law Amendment Act	( )	The Tower of London

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Sioux Fantasy

***"Dance Back the Buffalo," by Milton Lott** (Houghton Mifflin. 406 pp. $4.50), tells of a desperate, last-stand attempt by the Sioux to recapture their former glory. **Irwin R. Blacker** is at work on the sequel to his historical novel "Taos."*

By Irwin Blacker

FOR THE Sioux Indians living in the last decade of the nineteenth century the present and future were dead and the past alone remained alive. When word reached them in 1889 that the Indian Messiah had arrived among the Paiutes of Nevada, they were prepared to believe the news, prepared to accept the faith which taught them that they could dance the herds of buffalo back into existence.

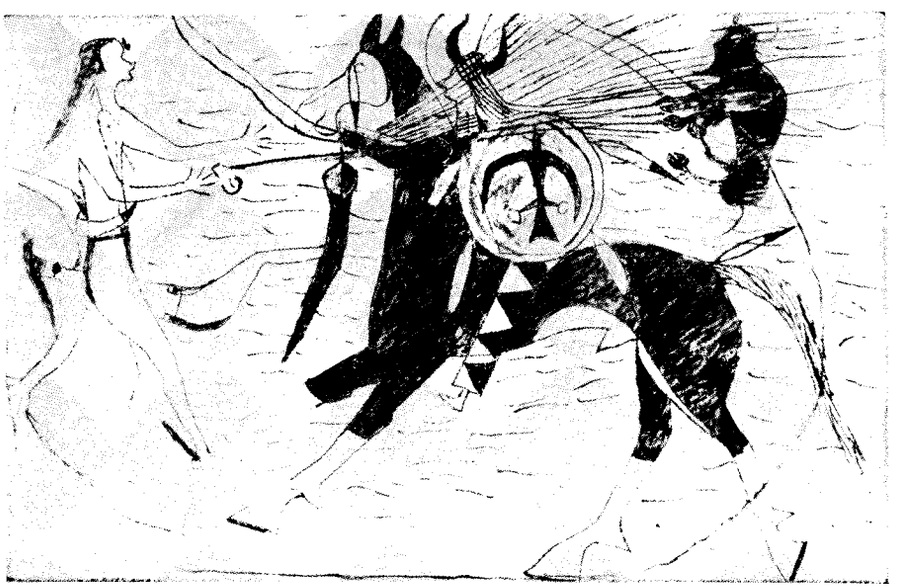
Milton Lott, whose first novel was "The Last Hunt," now writes magnificently of the inevitable impact of that hunt upon the Indians, who had been crowded off their lands and were living on the dole of a penurious government. It was not important, Lott maintains, that the Indians could not dance back the dead, but it was essential that they have some respect for their own past, and for the simple, aboriginal glory which they believed had been theirs. In telling his story, Lott makes it clear that it was less white villainy than white stupidity that drove the Sioux into their religious fantasies.

When a herd of wild Texas cattle, which had been trailed north to serve as food for the Sioux, stampeded into the Badlands, the resident Indian agent permitted a traditional hunt. The pathetic acceptance by the Sioux of this opportunity to chase fat cows as though they were buffalo led only to a remembrance of eras past. The hunt ended pitifully as four aged warriors, pursuing a cow they thought was a white buffalo, were intercepted by three white cowboys, who believed the cow was theirs. For protecting the four old men, an educated Indian was later hunted down by the U.S. Army. But for one brief instant as they watched this warrior's futile, single-handed attack upon a hundred cavalrymen, the Sioux believed they had recaptured their glory.

Piling degradation upon degradation, Lott shows clearly that there was no alternative for the Sioux but fantasy. They had to try to "dance back the buffalo." What followed was the sorry massacre at Pine Ridge, South Dakota, on December 28, 1890: more than 200 Indian men, women, and children were slaughtered at the command of a frightened Army officer.

For these people who tried to relive the past, Mr. Lott has only sympathy. His most complete characters are the Indians: Turning Hawk, who recalls the great hunts; his son, Crazy Walking; and Little Wound, the blind, deaf grandson through whom we see much of the white world, dimly and with timidity. In the end, only the white anthropologist who came to record the Indians' customs and a clergyman's widow have cared what happened to the Sioux.

With compassionate realism and tragic symbolism, Lott has beautifully recreated a dream that once existed. The great book of the historical West has not been written yet, but "Dance Back the Buffalo" can stand beside the best that we have.



—From "American Indian" (Crown).

Drawing of buffalo hunt by Sitting Bull, great leader of the united Sioux against the whites.

Annals of Magic

***"The Haunting of Hill House," by Shirley Jackson** (Viking. 246 pp. $3.95), is another of the author's explorations into the world of the supernatural. Maxwell Geismar's most recent book of literary criticism, "American Moderns," is a survey of our contemporary fiction.*

By Maxwell Geismar

SHIRLEY JACKSON'S forte, as everybody knows, is the projection of a certain kind of psycho-supernatural horror. In the remote past our legitimate fear of the evil shapes and forms in nature was matched by the fantasies of evil which man himself invented. And which was which? Is nature mad, or are we? That is the central problem in "The Haunting of Hill House," as it was in "The Lottery," and to Miss Jackson's credit there are brilliant episodes in her new book which give you the shivers and the shakes.

The story develops slowly, however, and it is just about reaching the midway point when we get caught up by it. The opening sections may seem almost banal, or certainly very familiar, in the tradition of the Gothic novel. Hill House is haunted, surely, and Dr. Montague, a professional figure with a weakness for psychic investigation, hires three "assistants" to help him make a study of the place. Two of these assistants are women who have had earlier experiences with the "other world." The third is Luke, an engaging young scoundrel, who has been forced upon the good doctor by the absentee owners of Hill House. So far so good, or rather, so bad.

If Miss Jackson is proficient in describing the alarums and excursions of human pathology, she is correspondingly weak on the "normal" world of human relations, or even of ordinary social gossip. The two women in the story, Eleanor and Theodora, engage in a curious kind of infantile Lesbian affection that is meant to be sophisticated, but is usually embarrassing. There is too much of this whimsy in the earlier parts of the novel; eventually it turns out that both women have an eye on Luke, and that their real relation is one of love-hate. While all this goes on, the doctor lectures us intermittently on the role played by haunted houses in the annals of magic.

It is only when the monster at Hill House strikes at last (and how!) that Miss Jackson's pen becomes charmed,

(*Continued on page* 31)

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CIVIL WAR YEARS

When Americans Fought Americans

Season in, season out, there are probably more American books published about the War Between the States than about any other single topic. And with the approaching Centennial a veritable hailstorm of works is in store. Perhaps simply as a warm-up, at least nine titles have been released since the first of September. The buff will most likely want to own all of them. Others may wish merely to supplement their knowledge of the nation's bloodiest schism. To serve as their reading scouts, SR *has recruited two Civil War authorities: Earl Schenck Miers and Frank Vandiver, both of whom have written extensively on the period. Mr. Miers takes as his assignment four studies of some of the key participants in the struggle. Coming within the purview of Mr. Vandiver, on page 21, are the battles themselves and their aftermath.*

By EARL SCHENCK MIERS

IN **"Jefferson Davis: Confederate President"** (Harcourt, Brace, $6.75), Hudson Strode carries his painstaking, devoted biographical study through the critical years from 1861 to 1864. Again, Mr. Strode demonstrates exceptional literary accomplishment, and, with this second volume, easily emerges as the commanding general of that militant band of rebel penmen dedicated to winning the war for the South whether it takes one century or two.

Now, I may, as a Northerner, appear to some as partisan in my interpretation of history as Mr. Strode appears to me in his, but what he seems to teach us first of all in his portrait of the saintly Davis struggling against Lincoln, the antichrist, is that, like the dice in a crap game, history can be loaded. In this instance the sevens all turn up for Mr. Davis; Lincoln doesn't win a point. Yet some ninety-four years after the stillness fell at Appomattox, who can resist a fascination for the fresh confidence and enthusiasm which Mr. Strode injects into what has long been the official Confederate party line?

The history of the War for Southern Independence, as Jefferson Davis and Mr. Strode write it, resulted when Lincoln, by usurping the powers of Congress, tricked the North into attacking the peace-loving South. Naturally the Confederacy fought back tooth and nail, determined that no sacrifice was too great to protect the right of the happy Negro to remain a slave. When the sly politician from the prairies found the terrible war he had started turning against him, he devised the even more diabolical trickery of the Emancipation Proclamation. Who, more than anyone, paid a fearful price for crying out against this bogus morality? Right, students—the noble George McClellan!

As Stalin might have said, "You write history your way and we'll write it our way." And Mr. Strode writes it with the skill of an old master, achieving in those passages where he deals with Davis as father, husband, and human being a compelling vitality. One cannot but feel an enormous sympathy for the Confederate President, beset on one side by a hostile Congress and bedeviled on the other by a crop of generals who were better in legend than in the official records. What turns compassion into irritation is the fact that Mr. Strode never hesitates to tear asunder anyone who opposes Davis—Wigfall of Texas, Joe Johnston or Beauregard, Lincoln or Southern Governors insisting on their states' rights.

Mr. Strode clearly is enraptured by an idol and an ideal, and surely it is not his fault that folklore sometimes proves a faithless mistress to history. Perhaps they *were* all out of step but Jeff Davis. Perhaps there was more truth to the fantasy of Southern aristocracy than Northerners believed—with the possible exception of Lincoln, who in 1862 fought down the confiscation of Southerners' estates and so kept the fantasy intact.

Scant praise in memory would Mr. Lincoln receive from either Mr. Davis or his biographers for opposing such revolutionary excess, and this lack of charity they share with Thad Stevens. A leader of the Radical Republicans, old Thad started despising the slaveholding South at the point where others had hated themselves into exhaustion. All of Thad's passions were excessive, as befitted one who could credibly be called a rake, murderer, and adulterer, and whose clubfoot, an Alabama editor profoundly opined, was "hell's seal of deformity . . . fixed in his mother's womb."

In a fine new biography entitled **"Thaddeus Stevens: Scourge of the South"** (Norton, $7.50), Fawn M. Brodie lets Thad emerge as an earthbound creature driven by inward fires. His loathing for a drunken father and his own physical disability gave him practice for the deeper loathings that dominated his mature years—the Masonic order and human slavery. His fight for free public education in Pennsylvania brought polish to the crusading zeal he at last flung behind the abolitionist movement. And the Radical wing of the Republican Party provided the vehicle he needed to fight the South with claw and tongue. Quick-witted, irascible, shifty, Thad was a master of the dramatic. One day a woman asked for a lock of his hair. Snatching off his wig, Thad snapped: "Take it all!"

But neither ruse nor bluster would sway Lincoln, Thad learned. One of the militant radicals who had to contend with Lincoln on emancipation, Thad came to know the President with a deeper understanding than Jeff Davis or his biographers ever attained. In hatred of the oppression of the Negro, Lincoln and Thad were bound by common humanity. But Lincoln was more superbly the politician, knowing that he must wait for the people to grow up to emancipation. What Lincoln saw instantly, what Davis never realized, and what Thad came to understand more slowly, a moderate Southerner, George Washington Cable, expressed succinctly:

> Emancipation of the Negroes was not what the North fought for, but only what it fought with. The right to secede was not what the South fought for, but only what it fought with. The great majority of the Southern people loved the

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Battles and Reconstruction

By FRANK VANDIVER

ILIADIC subject matter, vastness of scope, poignant drama, an ineluctably Lost Cause—all these qualities have made the American Civil War a fascinating topic for writers since 1865. But the approaching apotheosis, the Centennial, adds a special profit motive (not that profit has been lacking for Civil Warriors during the last decade or so).

Unfortunately, grandeur of theme has inspired comparatively few significant books. Some novelists, some historians, some newswriters have almost met the challenge. But no American Homer, no Tolstoi has enshrined the struggle in classic prose. The new trend runs toward minute studies of special phases of the war rather than the broad picture, with more and more being written about less and less. Naturally, the most stirring moments receive the heaviest bombardment of verbiage—which means that the holocaust at Gettysburg is almost obscured in an avalanche of pages. Four of the books here reviewed, for example, have Gettysburg in common.

At first glance there seems little connection between Gettysburg and the battle of Brandy Station, Virginia, which occurred on June 9, 1863, but Fairfax Downey makes a case for the latter as a prelude to the contest in Pennsylvania in **"Clash of Cavalry"** (McKay, $4.95). Union cavalry and infantry conducted a reconnaissance in force against Jeb Stuart's squadrons lazing in camps near Brandy Station, attacked with unwonted iron, almost won the battle, and learned much about Lee's dispositions. So strong, indeed, was the assault that Downey is convinced it persuaded Richmond officials to deny reinforcements to Lee in order to protect the capital.

Be the results of Brandy Station what they may, Downey's reconstruction of the battle displays his usual expertness in glib reporting, plus a tendency occasionally to achieve impact by sacrificing accuracy. While it may be wondered whether the encounter at Brandy quite merits the dignity of a whole volume, it must be conceded that this book is interesting. In order to trick out his narrative, however, the author includes several chapters of background on Union and Confederate horse equipment and on the principal players in the drama. As a further means of expanding the distance between covers, he provides nine appendixes of more or less relevance. His sources are extensive and his notes helpful.

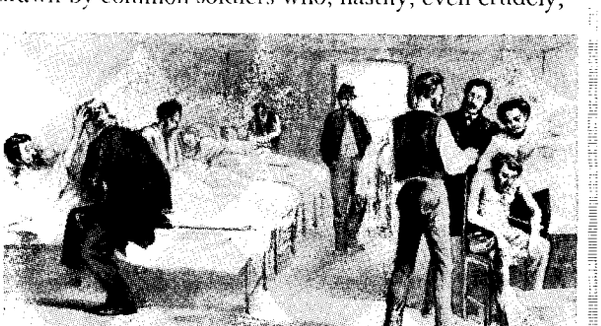
"The Shaping of a Battle: Gettysburg" (Chilton, $5.95) takes up the story some two weeks after Brandy. James Stuart Montgomery essays the commendable task of viewing the entire battle and manages to be fair to both sides. But, unfortunately, the end result is essentially a compressed rehash. A lengthy section on General Meade's troubles after the battle and the Bachelder maps are probably the most interesting parts of a book marred by inadequate bibliography and a certain whimsicality toward quotations.

No other moment in American military history has quite the drama of Pickett's charge. And if, like the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, Pickett's half hour may not have been war, it nonetheless was magnificent. Again it seems passing strange that a whole book could be written about the crossing of that mile of open ground—but, after all, the "minute book" genre of Civil War writing is full upon us. And there are some of these slices of history that are worth the hard work that goes into them. Such a one is George Stewart's book, **"Pickett's Charge: A Microhistory of the Final Attack at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863"** (Houghton Mifflin, $5).

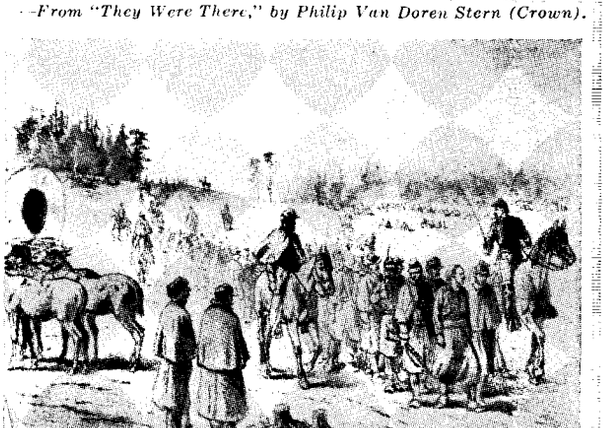
Stewart follows the usual pattern of "microhistory" by giving a good deal of background information on troops, leaders, artillery, and equipment. He falls into the modern school of Gettysburg historiography by speculating that Lee's decision to let Pickett attack resulted from the Confederate general's determination to gain the decisive victory of the war at Gettysburg. Almost any sacrifice would be worth the result. The author is by no means convinced that Pickett's men could not have carried Cemetery Ridge. For one thing, he asserts, the attack was not haphazard; rather, it was carefully planned.

(*Continued on page* 30)

COMBAT ARTISTS: One of the most affecting books about the Civil War is Philip Van Doren Stern's **"They Were There"** (Crown, $7.50), a collection of paintings and sketches by contemporary artists. Some of these wartime impressions were created by such distinguished observers as Winslow Homer, whose sketch of a Union cavalryman appears below (left). More often the sketches were drawn by common soldiers who, hastily, even crudely, depicted the events as they saw them. At the right is Allen C. Redwood's sketch of a Union prison hospital and lower right in Edwin Forbes's 1863 pencil drawing Union guards shepherd recaptured deserters who had fled from Fredericksburg defeat.



—From "They Were There," by Philip Van Doren Stern (Crown).



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The Myth of the Catholic Vote

BETWEEN now and the national conventions next summer thousands of words will be uttered to the effect that "lots of people won't accept a Catholic" as a Presidential candidate. More thousands of words will be written, of course, to the effect that a Catholic candidate would be ideal because he would "sew up" millions of Catholic votes.

I wish I could dismiss the first allegation as a myth, but unfortunately I can't; research evidence shows there are today still some people who would be hesitant to vote for a man, regardless of his merits, because he happened to be a Catholic. The exact determination of the number is difficult. About 40 per cent of the American people have expressed some doubt as to the advisability of a Catholic becoming President. About 20 per cent say flatly they would not like to see a Catholic win the Presidency. But how many would actually forsake the party of their choice to vote against a Catholic? One can only estimate—my own estimate is from 6 per cent to 8 per cent.

I think I can, however, dispel the second myth, the myth of a captive, precommitted Catholic vote. The nomination of a Catholic would *not* "sew up the Catholic vote." Catholic voters are just as free, just as unfettered, just as intelligent, and just as divided in their voting preferences as any other group.

Let's look at the evidence. In 1956, when 58 per cent of the entire nation voted for Eisenhower, Catholics differed from the national average by only five percentage points—53 per cent of them voting for Eisenhower. As far as Catholics voting for Catholics is concerned, our 1956 pre-convention polls showed that Catholics, *to precisely the same degree as Protestants*, had a slight preference for Protestant Estes Kefauver over Catholic John Kennedy as the Democratic Vice Presidential candidate.

Let's turn now to electoral results. In 1956 a group of social scientists undertook a detailed study of election statistics, which was released by Dr. Ralph M. Goldman and Dr. John H. Romani.

The study found that *Catholic Congressional* candidates had indeed run ahead of the *national ticket* in 1952, but no further ahead on the average than had *non*-Catholic *Congressional* candidates. In addition, the report analyzed election returns within states by areas of varying degrees of Catholic concentration. Everywhere the same pattern showed up: *no pattern*. For example, in Montana in 1954 Senator Murray, a Catholic, surpassed the Stevenson vote of 1952 by a margin of 14.9 percentage points in Phillips County, which is 55.2 per cent Catholic, and by an almost identical 14.8 percentage points in Judith Basin, which is only 19.6 per cent Catholic.

In Rhode Island, whose Catholic population is proportionately the largest of any state, Senator Green, a non-Catholic, ran stronger in 1954 than Pastore, a Catholic, ran in 1952. In Illinois in 1954 Senator Douglas, a non-Catholic, did better in many areas where there was a heavy concentration of Catholics and worse in many areas of low Catholic concentration than Sherwood Dixon, a Catholic, had done in the gubernatorial race of 1952.

In New York in 1954 Protestant Averell Harriman, running for Governor, did better than Catholic Walter Lynch—running for the same office four years earlier—had done in counties like Clinton (59 per cent Catholic) and Richmond (41.4 per cent Catholic), and worse in such counties as Chenango (10.1 per cent Catholic) and Delaware (4.3 per cent Catholic).

An analysis of Senator Kennedy's 1952 vote in various parts of Massachusetts showed no relationship between the degree of Catholic concentration and the degree of Kennedy support. In fact, Kennedy's largest margin over Stevenson—13.1 percentage points—was gotten in the country with the smallest percentage of Catholics, Barnstable County (27.2 per cent Catholic). Berkshire County, with 50.0 per cent Catholics, produced only a 0.4 percentage point Kennedy lead over Stevenson, while Middlesex County (31.1 per cent Catholic), gave Kennedy a 7.9 percentage point lead. And so on throughout the state. The report concludes: "It is thus clear that whatever Senator Kennedy's special attraction to the voters may have been, it was not his Catholicism." Nor, I might add, did his Catholicism repel any significant number of voters in Massachusetts.

AS MY close personal friend, the late Senator Brien McMahon, once said in discussing the so-called "Catholic vote":

"When you think of it, is it not ungracious for you Protestants to think we Catholics would behave differently from anyone else in making an important political choice; but while it may be ungracious, it is not a belief we who have entered political life are going to do much about dispelling. As long as you believe that a Catholic candidate has an automatic built-in vote and as long as there are men of Catholic faith, like me, who have entered political life and feel they have something to offer, why should we disillusion you?" Incidentally, our surveys showed that Senator McMahon (who was, in my opinion, a man of truly presidential caliber) would have won just as many elections *had no one but Protestants* voted in his home state, Connecticut.

One can only hope that both our politicians and our people will one day acknowledge what seems an obvious truth: that Catholics are many things. For example, they are not only Irish—they are Italians, they are Germans, they are Frenchmen, and they are Poles. Catholics are liberals—and they are conservatives. Catholics belong to labor unions—and Catholics are unhappy about labor unions. Catholics are Republican—and they are Democratic.

It seems to surprise some that Catholics are people!

—Elmo Roper

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

NO GAME FOR GROWNUPS

David Finn's interesting "Big Sell in the Cold War" [*SR*, Oct. 10] is, to me, a classical example of an adman getting trapped in his own self-created images, and then confusing them with reality. Ignoring Lincoln's dictum that all the people cannot be fooled all the time, he seems to think that the big sell, incessant repetition of the same statement, will convince all the people and that this will make the statement true.

Finn also seems to take a rather narrow approach to the problems of international affairs. Anything benefitting the Russians, he seems to say, must harm us, whereas anything benefitting us will put them behind in the game between us. But nuclear warfare is not a game, and anything that can be done to avoid it benefits *both* the Russians and ourselves.

Nathaniel S. Lehrman.
Great Neck, N. Y.

P. R. NO PANACEA

Is this man David Finn really on the level? To suppose that good public relations is a key symptom of Russian gains over us in recent months is equal to supposing that they have been launching their moon shots on strong doses of hot air alone.

Those moon shots—along with the dedication, talent, and imagination behind them—came first. What happened later in the realm of public relations was a pure by-product. Rest assured that when America can boast dramatic strides equal or superior to the Russians, world public acclaim will follow.

Sidney Bernard.
New York, N. Y.

ADDLED ADULTS

In Cleveland Amory's column for Oct. 3, he wagers that not one out of ten newspaper readers can spell Mr. K's name right.

Inspired by his statement, I decided to conduct some field research. I chose two adult education courses which I teach at a state university. These courses—Business Composition and Business Letters—are currently attended by thirty-one businessmen from companies both large and small.

Average age: thirty-eight. Average education: high school graduation. Positions: both management and nonmanagement. Areas: manufacturing, sales, production and quality control, personnel administration, accounting, research, and design.

I simply asked these men to spell Mr. K's name on paper. I did not pronounce the name. The spellings were then turned in.

Results: Kruchavac, Kruschev (3), Kruchuff, Krushev, Kruschieff, Kruchev, Kruchoff, Krucheoff, Kreuckchev, Khrushiev, Khroschev, Krushevitch, Kruchevek, Khruschieve, Kruscheuf, Krusevchev, Kruzchev, Krushiev (2), Khrushevh, Kuschuve, Khrushchev, Kruvcheff, Kruschive, Kruschev, Kruschew, Krushou, Krusechev, Kruschov.

Naturally, my next step was to find out how many of the men could spell the name of the President of the United States. Again I simply asked them to write the name, and I did not pronounce it. I then collected the papers.

Results: Eisenhauer (2), Eishonhour, Eisenhower (14), Esenhower, Eisenheurer, Eisenhourer, Isenhower, Eisenhuer, Eizenhower, Eisenhaurer, Ishienhower, Eisenhour (2), Esinhower, Eiesenhourer, Esienhower.

Incidentally, I also am a businessman; but I did not contribute spellings to the above lists. I play it safe by referring to "Mr. K" and "Ike."

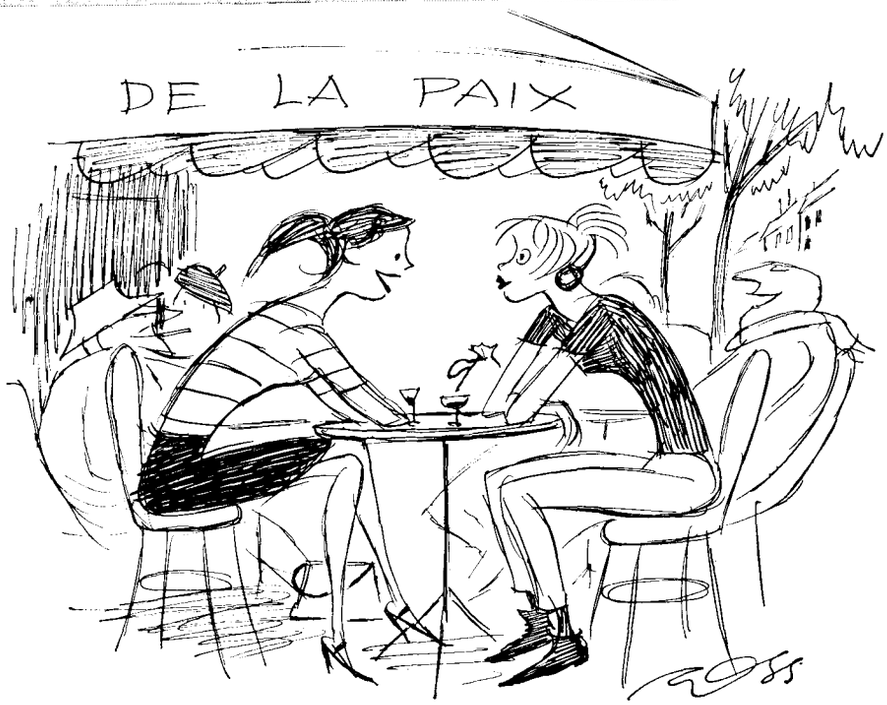
Robert M. Boltwood.
Southfield, Mich.

LOG-ROLLERS' LEAGUE?

Granville Hicks notes with regard to Van Wyck Brooks's "Howells: His Life and World" [*SR*, Oct. 10]: "I do not want to make what seems to me the often repeated mistake of the iconoclastic Brooks; I do not want to reproach the author . . . for not having written some other book."

This unfortunate statement of Hicks's suggests why the book review today is little more than a synopsis accompanied by a wishy-washy discussion consisting of inconsequential observations. The distinction must here be made between review and criticism. There is very little of the latter extant. Most reviewers are not, but should be, critics. They seem hesitant to describe a work as more than informative or satisfactory or to say that the author under discussion probably should have written a different book. This damning with faint praise is characteristic. It would lead one to believe that no excellent books are being published. Far too few of *SR*'s reviewers have the gumption to say anything strong about the work under discussion. Perhaps this is a natural result of the farming-out system practised by *SR* whereby knowledgeable but sympathetic authors review the works of fellow authors sympathetically in the hope, obviously not futile, that their own works will not be damned.

Pvt. John M. McCausland, Jr.
Ft. Thomas, Ky.



"No kidding, I was born on a Fulbright, too."

CHARY OF CIARDI

I have suffered in silence during all the debates in your magazine regarding your poetry editor, Mr. John Ciardi, but I can stand it no longer. In the Oct. 10th issue he as well as the poetry contributors (I leave *them* unnamed out of charity) have struck a low that I doubt can even be measured by the highest standards of the now defunct Dadaists or even the Beatniks. How can a man who claims to understand and admire Robert Frost be a partner to such idiocy?

Lloyd B. Halverson.
San Francisco, Calif.

REDUNDANT RACONTEURS

May I suggest that Jerome Beatty [*SR*, Sept. 5] and John Fuller [*SR*, July 18] both print the same version of the screwdriver joke in your next issue. Or at least tell each other their jokes over a drink?

W. F. Scheuermann, Jr.

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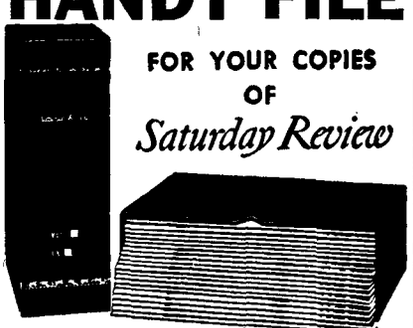

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Fault, Dear Brutus . . .

OCTOBER, in case you haven't noticed, is a stellar month. Not only do the night skies seem crowded with more, bigger, and brighter stars than at any other time of the year, but the same phenomenon is observable on our movie screens. Picture after picture offers three stars, four stars, six stars—the biggest names in the business. The public, which spent its summer looking at air-conditioned horror films, or at "Hercules" in the drive-ins, must once more be lured away from the TV spectaculars and those "Evenings with" nostalgia fests. Besides, as the year races to a close, the Academy sweepstakes once more looms large. It's time for the heavy artillery.

William Goetz, the producer of "**They Came to Cordura**" (Columbia), has assembled five big guns for his adaptation of Glendon Swarthout's fine, probing novel. Rita Hayworth, Gary Cooper, Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, and Richard Conte should be drawing power enough for any film. What is more to the point, however, they serve the story extremely well. Unlike most adventure films, "Cordura" puts its accent on character—and particularly upon the characters portrayed by the stars. They are a motley crew, assembled by chance in Mexico shortly before World War I. And, again by chance, they are forced to make a long, hard march together to a distant Mexican railhead called Cordura, which means "Courage."

Cordura is the essence of this film. Cooper, a cavalry major who has disgraced himself in combat, is detailed to bring back to the States five soldiers who deserve citations for outstanding heroism in the fighting against Villa. But the men, all of them for selfish reasons, are reluctant to accept the honors. Indeed, in most instances their acts of heroism sprang from the basest motives. It is Cooper's desperate search for the nature of bravery that adds depth to the film—and the men's outright revolt against his leadership that gives it its action. Rita Hayworth, an American traitor being sent north with the party for trial, provides the spark that touches off their rebellion.

Curiously enough, although there is a magnificently staged cavalry charge, a tense encounter with Villa's irregulars, an attempted rape, and innumerable beatings and shootings, the picture seems to be running uphill. All the big action scenes come early; just when you would expect the tensions to be mounting to a climax, the characters sit down and start analyzing each other. It makes a long film seem longer—particularly since the dialogue, which up to this point has been laconic and pointed, suddenly becomes literary and stilted. But the cast, most of them playing notably offbeat roles, provides an intensity that carries all but the most unlikely scenes.

* * *

The stalwart actors assembled by M-G-M for "**Libel**" have been handed the thankless assignment of breathing life into a play over a quarter of a century old, and even older than that in spirit. Who can accept today a British officer, a victim of amnesia, who can not recall whether he is the murderer or the murdered man? (It's one of those dual identity things, with Dirk Bogarde essaying both roles.) As the title suggests, this mild tempest promptly moves into a courtroom; and there we have the unhappy spectacle of such splendid actors as Robert Morley, Wilfred Hyde-White, Richard Wattis, and Anthony Dawson lavishing all their skill on the dross. To be sure, watching Morley or Hyde-White pounce on a line and toy with it, rolling out syllables or suavely turning an inflection, is in itself a keen delight. But that delight is quickly dissipated by two supercharged, over-emotive members of the cast, Olivia de Havilland and Paul Massie. Their pop-eyed stares and frantic little gestures only further emphasize the old-hat nature of the plot. And, like most old hats, it is full of holes.

* * *

It is tempting to imagine Jerry Wald, the producer of "**The Best of Everything**" (20th Century-Fox), instructing Rona Jaffe, the author of last year's best-seller, "Now, what I want is a sort of big city 'Peyton Place'—say, New York. Only not the theatre, that's been done to death. Let's make it the paperback field. And we'll have these three young girls just starting out to make their fortunes. We'll show the men that they meet, and. . . . Well, you take it from there." Actually, Miss Jaffe took it no further, and neither does the film. The girls are all impossibly pretty, the offices of the Fabian Publishing Co. are implausibly lavish, and only man is vile. Hope Lange rises sweetly and serenely above her role as a career girl who wants love too; the others—including Joan Crawford—are literally swamped by theirs.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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TV AND RADIO

Havoc up One Sleeve

LOUIS J. HALLE, in his highly imaginative and illuminating book on American foreign policy, "Dream and Reality," says, "Every nation is best known by its cant." A susceptibility to moral indignation perhaps best epitomizes the United States. The most recent rash of such indignation was that attendant on the extended, suspenseful Congressional hearings on television's quiz shows. Morality was the big issue—or rather, the lack of it on the part of the networks, over whose publicly franchised channels intellectual fortune-hunters made damn fools of us all. Did I say all? In *SR* (June 8, 1957), this observer wrote: "Twenty-One is not even an honest test of a man's hoard of facts. Mr. Van Doren (or any contestant, for that matter) could be stopped the first week—as any quiz writer will tell you—if the mass-media masquerade were ever to be played in earnest. The technique of the Big Quiz is simple: get an interesting personality and keep him from week to week till the public gets bored." Earl W. Kintner, chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, testifying at the House Subcommittee hearings, suggested that "Congress should handle the situation and make it a criminal offense if anyone rigged a TV program."

As S. J. Perelman would neatly put it: "This would be flogging a dead cat." A landing of men on the moon is more foreseeable in the immediate future than the return to television of tense, nail-biting, brow-mopping encyclopedists competing for high stakes. Then what's all the shooting about? As a sort of dramatized public audit of a symptomatic segment of TV's code of values, Representative Oren Harris's inquiry serves a short-range purpose. It puts a much-needed glint of skepticism into the eye of the public which is ordinarily dazzled by TV. But the current outcries against TV quiz-show corruption remain the mere jargon of hypocrisy so long as Congressmen, the editorial writers of TV's most friendly press, and most of the public reject the quizzes only for their dishonesty and not for their debasement of genuine intellectual qualities; and so long as they continue to present only a feeble challenge to the higher immorality of the universe of merchandising, which is comparable to an immense galaxy, in which the TV shows represent only a minor solar system. What are the new season's listings made up of? Last year's high-rating shows, and abundant imitations thereof. Jazz scores and ever-younger private eyes are all over the Warner Brothers lot. We have "77 Sunset Strip" in a grass skirt ("Hawaiian Eye") and with a Southern drawl ("Bourbon Street Beat"). MCA's Revue Productions has proliferated "Wagon Train" into "Bonanza," "Riverboat," and "Laramie."

EVEN James A. Michener's "Adventures in Paradise" series is "High Noon" in a South Pacific setting, with natives substituting for Indians as the lynch mob. Meanwhile, the corpse and the bludgeon, murder and the manhunt are still the meat and potatoes of the nighttime schedules. Occasionally better things turn up, notably Art Carney's fresh and delightful "Small World, Isn't It?" and Budd Schulberg's "What Makes Sammy Run?," reviewed in an earlier issue. But so far we have been allowed few glimpses of that new-era TV which was to have been so total, and so wonderfully entertaining. Is there no indignation left in the house for that sponsor-dominated morality the end of which is to hold audiences by whatever means it can get away with?

The widespread letdown engendered by the revelations of quiz-show duplicity was due to the realization of TV viewers that they had been treated as mere numbers, without being accorded individual dignity. The press, Congress, and opinion-leaders must now make the viewers understand that contempt for the public has tainted more than one major area of television programming. Otherwise, both public and Congress will merely repeat the Biblical error of "straining at gnats and swallowing camels." It is not enough for the FCC, FTC, and others in authority, to shrug off this affair by pleading lack of authority, and by protesting their reluctance to exercise censorship. For too long the evident evils of inadequate self-regulation by the industry have been endured rather than risk the more dangerous evil of abridging the First Amendment's freedom-of-speech guarantees. As Robert C. Lishman, House Subcommittee counsel, pointed out, we already have censorship of any ideas but those calculated to hold the attention of the "less mature." Morality, after all, is a seamless robe. You can't cry havoc up only one sleeve.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

English Mixed Chekhov

WHEN he wrote "Heartbreak House" (between 1913 and 1917), George Bernard Shaw set out to do two things: to imitate Chekhov, and to write an allegory about Britain and the war. He was more successful in the latter, although as is too often the case with allegories, the mechanics of sustaining and developing characters after their first satirical impact continually strains the proceedings. Shaw's method of relieving this strain is, as usual, to interject bright speeches and short scenes that show his characters up as they really are. Indeed this incessant revelation finally drives one of them to the point where he exasperatedly starts to remove his clothes.

In this revival of **"Heartbreak House,"** played in Ben Edwards' slurching set, director Harold Clurman has concentrated on its satirical possibilities. Most of the actors seem to be spoofing themselves. Pamela Brown is deliciously uppercrust as the sort of Britisher who can indulge in any immorality behind the facade of "correct" public behavior. Diana Wynyard as a more esthetic siren and Diane Cilento as a romantic girl turned practical show us neatly how much less scrupulous than blackguards women can be. And contrasting with these civilized wastrels is the uproarious Sam Levene as an expense account millionaire with physical indigestion from the delicatessen and mental indigestion from Shaw. Finally, to make the commentaries, is Shaw himself in the character of Captain Shotover. The role is played surehandedly by Maurice Evans, and his wry admission that the key to his success is his ability to get away before he is asked too many questions becomes an amusing pricking of the author's bubble.

The play seems most Chekhovian in the peaceful moment at the start of Act III, and here one wishes that the whole production might have been less clever and more deeply human. For the thing that makes "Heartbreak House" worth reviving is not Shaw's dramaturgy and jokes, but his passionate desire to show us our wasted aimless lives and tell us that there may be still a little time left for us to change our ways.

IN **"Cheri"** Anita Loos has made the mistake of trying to condense two novels into one play. While Colette's "The End of Cheri" is an extension of the characters and events of her earlier "Cheri," it is in a different mood. Furthermore it triples the amount of story the playwright must stuff into one play. And it adds some unpleasant truths to a romantic work that already has its hands full making an American audience accept a decadent Parisian demimonde as charming.

In "Gigi" only the latter problem existed, and it was more or less solved by the audience's concentration on the fairy-tale aspects of the story. Will the sweet young teen-ager be turned into a sophisticated cocotte, or will the handsome and wealthy young man marry her so that she may live blissfully unspoiled ever after?

In "Cheri" however, everyone is already inextricably rooted in the tainted soil of demimondaine life, and while we may occasionally laugh at these bizarre and jaded people we cannot sympathize with them. The play's protagonist, Cheri, is twice as selfishly corrupt, but not half so colorful as Pal Joey. His love affair, for which he is paid, never seems to be more than an obsessive sexual liaison with light mother-complex trimmings. And his final suicide seems as unnecessary as it does unbearable.

This might not have been the case if Miss Loos had really set out to fashion the tragedy of a kept man who preferred death to an unpleasant old age. But part of her trouble comes from never having sufficient time to do more than suggest what makes Cheri run. The other part of Miss Loos's woes comes from the fact that while the structure of the play focuses on the tragic plight of a young man who, like the hero of "Sweet Bird of Youth," ran out of the one thing he could not afford to run out of, the audience's sympathy goes to the wise middle-aged cocotte who hires him as her lover. Though we may have no tears to shed for the professional dilemmas of a thriving cocotte, we do feel for an older woman unsuccessfully resisting the temptation to fall in love with a younger man.

In this role Kim Stanley contributes a performance that is rich and true. She gives us sufficient manner to establish Léa's authenticity but devotes the main well of her energy to playing the basic situation. Miss Stanley radiates high-voltage excitement as she is just barely able to walk away from Cheri's first kiss, and she lets herself almost be lost before she denies a favor to her wicked, caressing lover. She is equally good at humor; when asked if she has ever had a Negro or Chinese as her lover, Miss Stanley pauses and lets us see her taking a recount before her calculated reply of "no" tells us that this is a deprivation forced upon her not by prejudice, but by fate.

Throughout the first two acts this great actress maintains the exciting battle between an ever-hopeful heart and an ever-knowing mind. But when in wig and padding she must play the old lady who has conquered her foolishness it seems an anti-climactic sketch.

Horst Buchholz also gives an admirably true portrayal of Cheri. And it is to his and director Robert Lewis's credit that the somewhat corny love scenes avoid becoming ludicrous. But his is a thankless task, for Cheri is a weak and unsympathetic character with no proud past to fall from, no self-knowledge to give him pause, and no feature, except physical beauty, to redeem him.

Oliver Smith's settings supply the play with three precisely caught moods, and Peggy Clark's lighting of Léa's chiffon-draped boudoir is joyously luminous. But the virtues of its production cannot make "Cheri" seem much more than a series of highlights from the middle and end of two exotic lifetimes.

"Golden Fleecing" is the sort of comedy that cannot stand much discussion. It deals with three young naval officers who have surreptitiously embarked upon an audacious scheme to break the bank at a Venice gambling casino, and along the way is complicated by having one of the young men become involved with the Admiral's daughter.

In the writing, Lorenzo Semple, Jr., has followed the sort of hot-water pattern that is found in old-fashioned farces, but he somehow keeps our attention by constant use of the unexpected reaction. We are also disarmed by the open use of the broad burlesque style of Tom Poston and Susan Pleshette. Director Abe Burrows has seen to it that his actors do not take the plot any more seriously than he wants us to, with the result that you will laugh loudly in the theatre, but be completely nonplussed if you are asked to explain why afterwards.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Bernstein and the Philharmonic, Valletti, Labo

TRAVEL, which can be broadening, can also be narrowing, if it involves an orchestra living together with a conductor and becoming an extension of his own personality (which is the ultimate objective, for good or bad, of such a collaboration). The Carnegie Hall concert which began the last season of the New York Philharmonic's long occupancy of the historic surroundings and brought the orchestra back to its public after a momentous tour to the USSR, was one of the best they have accomplished since Leonard Bernstein became musical director.

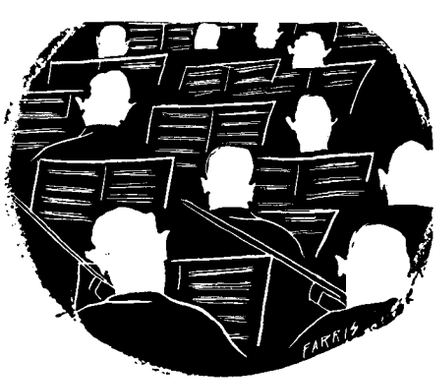
For all the other purposes it served so well, the tour also resulted in nearly forty concerts in which they performed together (the remainder of the fifty were directed by Thomas Schippers and Seymour Lipkin). This amounts to more than half a season's work crowded into a mere ten weeks, or a kind of concentrated "wood-shedding" (to borrow a term from the jazz world) which rarely presents itself in the normal scheme of a winter's off-and-on association. Taking into consideration the challenges posed by performing before publics of widely varied character, in halls of equally varied acoustic condition, it permitted an experiment in togetherness which few might invite but none could afford, except under the special conditions of "cultural exchange" which prevail today.

Out of it all has come a tighter knit of warp and woof, a keener sense of association between leader and led, than previously prevailed. It could be heard in the strong, firm sound of the brass in Beethoven's "Egmont" Overture with which the program began, and in the sensitive interplay of elements in the "Triple" Concerto which followed. Bernstein performed the piano part as well as conducting, with his orchestral principals (John Corigliano as violinist and Laszlo Vargas as cellist) repeating the parts they had played in a variety of programs on the tour. If it is Bernstein's objective to achieve the status of "leader among equals" *(primus inter pares)*, which is regarded in some circles as the ideal relationship of conductor and orchestra, this is the kind of work which lends itself perfectly to that end.

But if the end is the best possible performance of Beethoven, some other considerations intrude. The "Triple" Concerto is a notoriously difficult work to make convincing, if only because it has no parallel in the literature of orchestral composition. It is full of exalted musical ideas, truly representative of the riches Beethoven poured into such other works of the time as the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Symphonies, the Fourth Piano Concerto and the Violin Concerto. But it was an audacity without precedent to combine the violin, cello, and piano as soloists with an orchestra, one that even Beethoven could not pull off perfectly without trial, and error.

As a recent recording (involving Oistrakh, Oborin, and Knushevitzky as soloists, with Sir Malcolm Sargent conducting) suggests, the ideal solution is a close-knit trio performing the solo parts within an orchestral frame provided by a sympathetic director. There were more than a few technical lapses in the string playing of Messrs. Corigliano and Varga, and the divided attentions of Bernstein left the orchestra on its own for longer stretches of time than the rather tenuous texture of the work made feasible. The program ended with the Fifth Symphony of Shostakovitch, for which Bernstein's feeling is both natural and profound. For the curious, it may be mentioned that Bernstein refrained from addressing the audience of the Thursday "preview," leaving that privilege to David Keiser, president of the Philharmonic-Symphony Society, who spoke briefly about the tour. The other novelty was the programmatic comments of the new annotator, Howard Shanet, which were literate, readable, even breezy.

The Bernstein influence was also evident, in a negative way, on a series of programs which began earlier in the week with Richard Korn directing a miscellaneous group called the "Orchestra of America." The contents of this event (as well as the others to come) suggest that the works presented in last season's survey of American composition by the Philharmonic were less than the whole story. However, Korn's highly generalized account of such endeavors as Sowerby's "Comes Autumn Time" Overture, Edgar Stillman-Kelley's "Gulliver," and an excerpt from Henry Hadley's oratorio "Resurgam" (for which Jan Peerce was the tenor soloist) did nothing to animate an aspect of native creativity which, in any real sense, is as moribund as Gene Stratton-Porter or Maxfield Parrish.



FOR AN Italian tenor to sing Italian music well is no more than expectable, but when the Italian music begins with Monteverdi of the seventeenth century and goes through Scarlatti, Pasquini and Vivaldi to Mozart, then we are obviously talking about something exceptional. However, as the tenor was Cesare Valletti in his first Town Hall appearance for two years, the exceptional was also the expectable. No recent opera singer of his rank has also attained so high a standing in the concert hall, a tribute not to his trim figure, curly hair or even smooth sounding voice, but to hard work, brains and talent. From the opening "Scherzi Musicali" of Monteverdi through Scarlatti's "Elitropio d'amor", the "Al tramontar del giorno" of Pasquini and the two arias from Vivaldi's "Juditha triumphans," Valletti opened his voice as gradually as a bud to a blossom, with a sunburst of colorful effects in Mozart's "Misero, o sogno." Some of his contemporaries make a more luxurious sound, but Valletti musters his to a sequence of effects, colors, and moods that truly recreate the grand manner. He tended to overreach himself more than a little in the succeeding group of Wolf, all of it intelligently done, but, for such songs as "Verschwiegene Liebe" and "Heimweh," with an incomplete management of the vocal problems. Some beautiful Berlioz (including "Villanelle") and a group of Obradors followed. It was not a particularly good evening for Leo Taubman at a not particularly well-sounding Steinway.

Flavianno Labo, who missed his season's work at the Metropolitan last winter when he decided to forego his commitment as Turiddu in the new production of "Cavalleria," turned up recently as the Caliph of a City Center "Turandot." Though he was said to be ailing from a cold (and he seemed to have difficulty making his entrances early in the evening) there was plentiful indication of the solid, beautifully equalized tenor voice which had distinguished his Metropolitan performances in 1957-58. However, the Caliph is an arduous role for a robust tenor in robust health, let alone an ailing one: and further comment may be foregone. Elisabeth Carron sang her Liu with tidy care, Frances Yeend her Turandot as best she might. Julius Rudel was the conductor.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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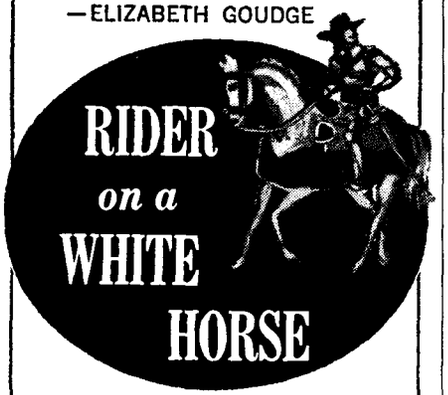

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ANTARCTIC

Coldest, Loneliest Place on Earth

"90° South," by Paul Siple *(Putnams. 384 pp. $5.75), is the story of the year spent at the South Pole by the first men in history to attempt to live there. Saul Pett, Associated Press correspondent, accompanied Siple on the first IGY expedition to the Antartic and was the first reporter to fly over the Pole.*

By Saul Pett

Paul Siple—minimum of friction.

A PILOT I knew once described the South Pole as an utterly miserable spot in the midst of miles and miles of nothing but miles and miles. This magical point of geography, which has lured explorers, some fatally, for more than half a century, is centered on a high, windswept plateau of snow and ice almost two miles above sea level. The nearest seacoast and the nearest help are almost 1,000 miles away. An invisible dot on an endless plain. Featureless except for sculpture carved in the snow by the wind. Lifeless save for some bacteria. Not a twig to provide man with fuel. Not a plant or animal of any kind to provide him food. Thin air in which the slightest movement causes heavy breathing. Incredible cold that would freeze exposed human flesh in minutes. That's the South Pole, an arbitrary distinction determined by man, in a white infinity, the coldest, loneliest, most forbidding place on earth.

It was here that Antarctic veteran Paul Siple, eight other scientists, and nine Navy support men scratched out a camp in the rock-hard ice. Here they lived a year (1956-57) in small, box-like buildings, recording scientific data for the International Geophysical Year. Here they saw the coldest temperature ever recorded by man—minus 102.1 degrees F.

Just getting started was a miracle of human endurance and patience. Supplies dropped by plane were confused, damaged, snafued. A seven-ton tractor, whose parachute tangled, was buried thirty feet in snow, useless. Other items were lost forever. Air-dropped steel girders were found bent out of shape. "Medical supplies" turned out to be sweet potatoes. But a crate of eggs arrived unscathed except for one, which, a note from the plane said, "we cracked before dropping." And weeks later, after camp had been established, the men at the South Pole found that the recreational equipment sent them included an utterly useless supply of baseballs and bats.

Only the most urgent work or curiosity would take them outdoors. In the incredible cold no antifreeze yet devised could keep vehicles moving. But men had to move. They found themselves breathing like consumptives. They coughed blood. The vapor of their breath froze their eyelids shut. Muscles and bones ached bitterly. Fingers froze in minutes within double gloves. Even indoors, while the temperature generally was comfortable elsewhere, the toilet seats averaged minus 40 degrees.

Siple and his men saw the sun circle the horizon and then disappear for six months. In the long winter night they were completely cut off from the rest of the world except for radio contact. Had tragedy struck, had they been burned out or fallen victim to unseen disaster, they would surely have perished. They could not have been rescued. No plane could have reached them.

They were as isolated as men could be but they got along, Siple says, with a minimum of friction. Work kept them busy and there was little time to be bored. Gentle, subtle leadership by Siple and Jack Tuck, the Navy commander, held "cabin fever" down. Quiet group pressure kept individual emotion from erupting into a major disturbance.

Siple tells his story without dramatics. His insights occasionally seem bland and thin but his story is honest and clear—a tale of eighteen men bound emotionally for life by an incredible adventure in an incredible place.

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The Hillary-Fuchs Dash to the Pole

"The White Desert," by Noel Barber *(Crowell, 205 pp. $4.50), is a newspaper reporter's account of the British Commonwealth's Transantarctic Expedition. Finn Ronne was leader of the 1946-48 Ronne Antarctic Research Expedition. More recently, under the International Geophysical Year Program, Captain Ronne was military commander and scientific leader at Ellsworth Station, Edith Ronne Land.*

By Finn Ronne

DURING the International Geophysical Year, Dr. (now Sir) Vivian Fuchs very successfully led his team of eleven men on the first surface crossing of the Antarctic continent. The history-making trek, which began at Shackleton Base on the Weddell Sea side of the continent, took Fuchs's party through 300 miles of heavily crevassed area to an auxiliary base at South Ice. By dog team and tractor they climbed the steep slopes to reach the high plateau and the South Pole. The final 700 miles of their descent to Scott Base on the Ross Sea was ably assisted by Mt. Everest climber Sir Edmund Hillary. He and his fellow New Zealanders had previously placed supply depots at strategic intervals.

When Fuchs's tractors became bogged down in the crevassed area before reaching South Ice, his traverse schedule was delayed by three weeks. Meanwhile, with time on his hands, after establishing his last cache at Depot 700, Hillary made a very spectacular and unannounced dash to the South Pole. In his book, reporter Noel Barber gives a detailed analysis of the personality differences between Fuchs and Hillary and the sequence of events leading to their much-publicized strained relationship.

Despite Mr. Barber's brief three-month Antarctic sojourn, he has a fascinating story to tell and does it well. His first chapter contains some of the best poetic descriptions I have ever read of the mystic lure the continent has for its would-be conquerors. Noel Barber is first of all a good writer. As the only British newspaperman on hand to greet the separate South Pole arrival of both explorers, he was in a particularly unique position for obtaining many of the true facts.

Until man blasts off into outer space, the South Pole remains a good objective for capturing the public's imagination. While both Fuchs and Hillary were struggling overland toward the South Pole in opposite directions and for very different personal reasons, Mr. Barber became the first Britisher to land there by plane since Scott left it on foot nearly half a century ago. As a guest of the U.S. Navy, he was able to observe day-to-day scientific programs our Amundsen-Scott South Polar base undertook for the IGY. He cleverly describes in layman's language how the scientific studies Fuchs made on his crossing became an integrated part of the IGY program carried on by twelve nations at sixty bases throughout the Antarctic.

However, in view of the extensive news, magazine, and book coverage already given to Vivian Fuchs's expedition, the main purpose and interest of this book lie in the author's compilation and interpretation of both hidden and public facts relating to the controversy between the expedition's two most dominant figures. After presenting all the arguments at his disposal, he leaves no doubt in the reader's mind that he is an unqualified supporter of "Bunny" Fuchs.

Noel Barber has done such a readable and interesting piece of reporting that the student of Antarctic history can forgive his relatively few mistakes. The author states, for example, that both Amundsen and Scott ascended the Beardmore Glacier to reach the South Pole, whereas Amundsen's route was actually via Liv and Axel Heiberg Glaciers. John Lewis, Dr. Fuchs's pilot, was not, as the author states, the first to fly across the Antarctic continent in a single-engine airplane. That honor went to Lincoln Ellsworth in 1935, when he and Hollick Kenyon flew from the northern tip of Palmer Peninsula to the Bay of Whales in the Ross Sea. A simple map of the areas discussed would have added considerably to the volume.

Mr. Barber correctly points out, however, that John Lewis's flight across the continent from the Weddell Sea over the South Pole to Scott Base was one of the unsung feats of the British expedition. This reviewer was in command of the American IGY Ellsworth Station situated fifty-four miles west of Shackleton Base when John Lewis and "Bunny" Fuchs, 300 miles away at South Ice, asked if we could supply them additional gasoline. We had thoroughly enjoyed their friendship on numerous occasions during the winter just passed and were only too happy to fly out two loads containing sixteen drums of Fuchs's gasoline as our bon voyage gesture to his venture. Mr. Barber makes a definite point of the generous American support given to the British undertaking and is right in his assumption that it was naturally and gladly rendered. It is not often one has the opportunity of such pleasant associations with a dedicated explorer-scientist like "Bunny" Fuchs.

—From the book.

Midnight sun at Scott Base—a mystic lure for would-be conquerors.

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Vandiver

Continued from page 21

Piecing together bits of evidence, Stewart shows that the complicated maneuvering during the atttack must have been decided upon ahead of time, else the charge would have collapsed almost immediately.

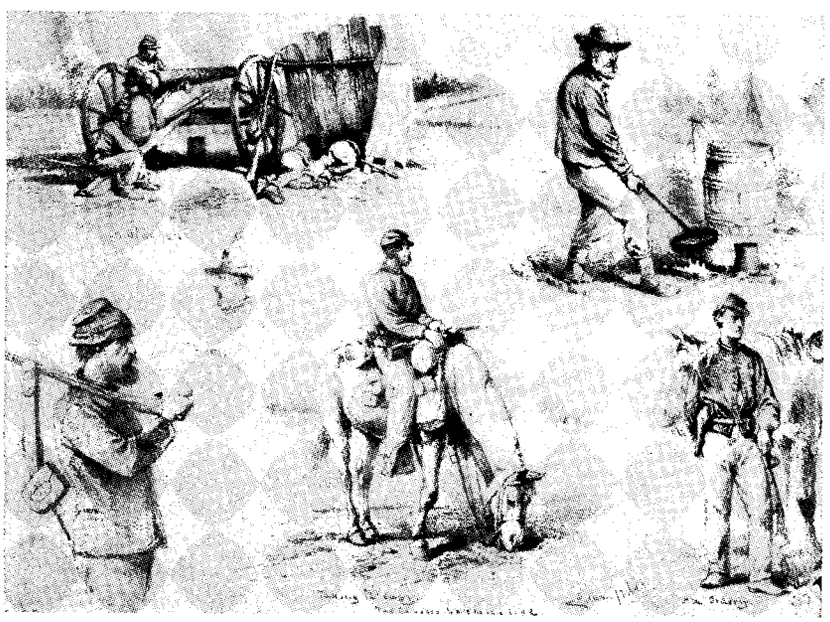
A skilful novelist, Stewart writes well, and deftly includes the results of much research. His historical imagery pulls the reader inexorably along toward the "high-water mark" of the Confederacy. The ebb is swift and graceful. And as Pickett's broken legions stream back across the shell-swept fields it becomes clear that only one way is open to them—that covered in "**The Way to Appomattox.**"

Few primary Civil War sources have as wide an audience as the invaluable "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War" (as the work is subtitled). A collection of articles written by participants, these four volumes have long been a standard reference. Even so, they were relatively hard to find until Thomas Yoseloff reprinted the venerable set in 1956. Still, the price put the reprint out of reach of many. Recently, a "popular edition" has appeared, which makes the four volumes available at under twenty dollars. Volume IV, edited by R. O. Johnson and C. C. Buell ($4.95), takes up the account of the war right after Gettysburg, moves through the Wilderness campaign with articles by Grant and others, marches from Chattanooga to the sea with Sherman and Johnston, storms Mobile Bay with Farragut, and invades Tennessee with Hood and his opponents. Final operations in the Shenandoah Valley are traced by Jubal Early, Wesley Merritt, and several lesser leaders, while the protracted siege of Petersburg is chronicled by some ten authors, including Beauregard and Grant. Nothing is slighted in this stirring tome, and everything leads to the finale at Appomattox.

After so much blood, death, heroism, and sadness came the dénouement of Reconstruction. The way in which the South survived this final Yankee assault is the subject of "**South of Appomattox**" (Harcourt, Brace, $5.75). Taking the interesting and valid view that the present New South is a lineal descendant of the Old South, Nash K. Burger and John K. Bettersworth examine the careers of ten "representative" Confederates who had much influence in their section before and after the war. The authors know the South (their explanation in the introduction of the Old South tradition is perhaps the clearest in print), they know its leaders, and have selected men holding views ranging from the backward glance of Jefferson Davis to the collaborationist attitude of James Longstreet. The sketches, reminiscent of Gamaliel Bradford, are well done.

One may quarrel with the list of subjects (why not, for instance, include that nimble pragmatist Joseph E. Brown), but it is hard to quarrel with the general thesis that these ten Southerners each learned to accept defeat, to revive Southern conservatism, and to work for a new nation. Whether they were all typical is another matter.

The authors write of their ten select with modulated verve, explain much about Reconstruction, reveal much about the New South. But they leave unanswered an unbidden question: Was Reconstruction perhaps a blessing in disguise for the area south of Appomattox?



—*From "They Were There."*

"The Common Soldier," by Edwin Forbes.

Miers

Continued from page 20

> Union, and consented to its destruction only when there seemed to be no other way to save slavery; the great bulk of the North consented to destroy slavery only when there seemed no other way to save the Union.

Upon this truth Lincoln acted, crushing in one blow the human oppression he detested; and his reward in this sesquicentennial year of his birth is a reverence unequaled by any American. In order to explain Lincoln to the world, the United States Information Agency asked a group of scholars to treat significant aspects of the man's personality, and from these essays Henry B. Kranz has selected the substance of "**Abraham Lincoln: A New Portrait**" (Putnams, $4).

The title, of course, is hokum; the book sheds no new light on Lincoln, but it is a good portrait. Lincoln as a man of the people, as the champion of human rights, as a lawyer and politician, as a man of God, science, letters, music, as a husband and father—yes, "Lincoln in Shirt Sleeves"—such is the range of Mr. Kranz's collection. "Hard as a rock and soft as a drifting fog," Carl Sandburg once said of Lincoln. In essence, it is this many-sided, "multicolored" Lincoln that these essays are intended to portray.

By 1865 Lincoln had become a towering figure—the savior of the Union and the hope of the South if it were to be saved from the Thad Stevenses. Then on "a startled April morning" — the phrase is Lowell's—the nation learned that Lincoln had been struck down by an assassin's bullet. In ensuing weeks arose questions that still persist. Why was there no guard at Ford's Theatre when Lincoln had requested one? Was Secretary of War Stanton in league with John Wilkes Booth? Why for decades was much pertinent evidence concealed? Did Booth actually escape to Texas, Mexico, the Oklahoma Territory?

In "**The Web of Conspiracy**" (Prentice-Hall, $10), a dozen whodunits rolled into one big adventure, Theodore Roscoe tells the complete story of the men who murdered Lincoln. A good historian and a gifted spinner of mysteries, Mr. Roscoe knows, when he is finished, that "the man they tried to kill, did not die."

Future biographers of Lincoln and his antagonists (both in the North and South) might well ponder why. Mr. Roscoe has his answer: "Embodying the mind, heart, and conscience of Democracy, America's greatest American . . . lives on."

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Fiction

Continued from page 19

or rather demonic, and the supernatural activity is really chilling. Who or what is it that closes every door in this "masterpiece of architectural misdirection"; that has the smell of putrefaction, the cold breath of death; that writes on the wall, pounds at the doors, whimpers and snickers, and leaves its tracks in a substance indistinguishable from blood? Our suspicion falls in turn upon each member of the little group, and then in particular upon one of the girls, Eleanor, who has been selected, it appears, as the special "victim" of the monster.

In fairness to Miss Jackson's readers, I can say no more than this—though my own conviction is that the author is not altogether fair with us. After the crime tales of a William Roughead, or the mystery tales of Henry James himself, we are bound to expect a "rationale" of even the supernatural. Miss Jackson never deigns to offer this to us. She is concerned only with the effect of a terrifying atmosphere—which she calls "reality"—upon a mind already preoccupied with horrors. But in this rather restricted and peculiar medium Shirley Jackson is, I must say, very eloquent.

DANCING FEET: For anyone who has read "My Life," by Isadora Duncan, **"The Spirit and the Flesh"** (Doubleday, $4.95), a novelized version of her story, offers little satisfaction. Though this account of her life is almost wholly accurate, it is long-winded and stiffly written, with the style and sentimentality of a true-confession story.

The "rise and fall" of an artist is by now an established pattern in the novel: the early struggles, the world fame, the descent through some vice (in this case, drink). Mr. Weiss was stuck with this pattern when he chose his subject, and he has not compensated for its triteness with the quality of his writing or his insights. For example:

> "You want me to compromise, to practise restraint when my whole philosophy is toward freedom?"
>
> "No. But you are such a strong colorful personality you tend to make your men colorless."
>
> "It is a defense against being bored."
>
> "I think it is that you cannot take anything for granted. You have that unceasing responsiveness that is part of your genius and one of its burdens. . . ."

Mr. Weiss keeps telling us that his heroine Leonora (as Isadora is called), is a genius, but he succeeds only in making her a somewhat outlandish, rhapsodically romantic, troublesome woman who lacks the disciplines of a first-rate artist.

Of the one great contribution that Isadora-Leonora gave to the dance world, Mr. Weiss makes no mention. Her own erratic genius, which expressed itself in wild, improvisational dancing and equally unorthodox dance theories is meaningless now because it could not be transmitted. But by her introduction of serious, nonballet music for dancing and by her insistence on a complete relationship between movement and music, she lastingly changed the whole emphasis of dancing. Through Fokine to Graham to Balanchine to Jerome Robbins, this is Isadora Duncan's legacy today.

MR. Weiss uses historical characters such as Serge Diaghilev, Michel Fokine, and Anna Pavlova in the book, but for the sake of making a point, he distorts them regrettably. As a matter of fact, all three were great admirers of Isadora and appreciated her unique gifts as a dancer. It is hard to believe that a Russian aristocrat like Diaghilev, no matter how vain or arrogant, would ever have been rude to her, or that the enthusiastic Fokine would be so tepid in his comments about her. And to make of the vivid Anna Pavlova a mechanical dancing doll in order to prove that toe-dancing was inhibiting as compared with Isadora's "free" style, is simply inaccurate.

For anyone interested in Isadora Duncan, her own book still remains the best work on the subject.

—LAURA CLANDON.

Criminal Record

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—SERGEANT CUFF.

WHAT JEROME WEIDMAN SAID TO THE ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR OF 'THE NEW YORK TIMES'

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Whitman

Continued from page 13

earlier sequence had been "I observe," here it becomes I am . . . I am the hounded slave . . . My voice is the wife's voice, the screech by the rail of the stairs . . . I am the man. . . . I suffered. . . . I was there."

Like Indian sages emerging from the state of *samadhi* or absorption, the poet-hero now feels himself to be gifted with superhuman powers. He proclaims himself as the universally beloved Answerer (chant thirty-nine), then as the Healer, raising men from their deathbeds, and then as the Prophet of a new religion that outbids "the old cautious hucksters" by proclaiming that all men are divine and will eventually be gods. There is "a call in the midst of the crowd," and the Prophet comes forward to deliver a sermon that continues from chant forty-two to chant fifty. It is in this often misinterpreted section of the poem that Whitman offers a statement of the doctrines implied by his visions. We should note, however, that the statement comes at the right moment psychologically and plays its part in the sequence of events, so that the poem remains a narrative.

The last two chants 51 and 52 are the poet-hero's farewell. Having finished his sermon he gets ready to depart, that is, to die and wait for another incarnation or "fold of the future." At the beginning of the poem he had been leaning and loafing at ease in the summer grass. Now, having rounded the circle, he bequeaths himself to the dirt "to grow from the grass I love." I do not see how any careful reader, unless blinded by misconceptions, could overlook the unity of the poem in tone and image and direction.

BUT what are the doctrines—the "incomparable things," as Emerson called them—implied by the whole work and more directly revealed in the poet's sermon? They have never received the proper attention for a number of reasons: partly because Whitman expressed them in the veiled language of prophecy, partly because he further concealed them by his changes in later editions, but chiefly, I suspect, because they have no connection with the usual picture of Whitman as the bard of American democracy. It is time now to state the doctrines boldly, in their original form.

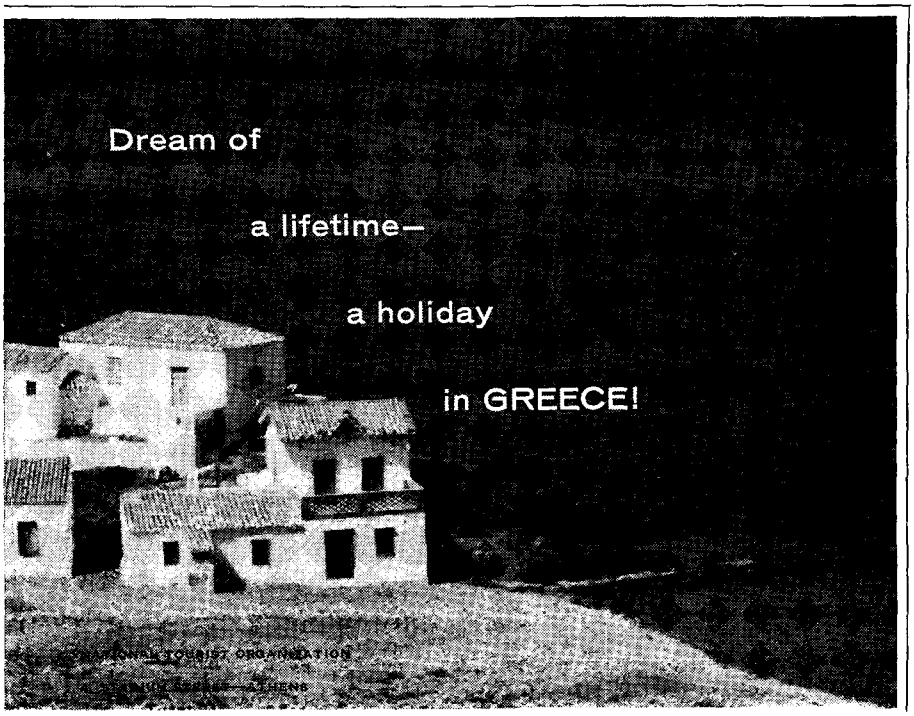
Whitman believed, when he was writing "Song of Myself," that there is a distinction between one's mere personality and the deeper Self (or between ego and soul). He believed that the Self (or *atman*, to use a Sanskrit word) is of the same essence as the universal spirit (though he did not quite say it *is* the universal spirit, as Indian classics do in the phrase "Atman is Brahman"). He believed that true knowledge is to be acquired not through the senses or the intellect, but through union with the Self. At such moments of "merge," as Whitman called it, the gum is wiped from one's eyes (in his own phrase), and one can read an infinite lesson in common things, discovering that a mouse, for example, "is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of infidels." This true knowledge is available to every man and woman, since each conceals a divine Self. Moreover, the divinity of all implies the perfect equality of all, the immortality of all, and the universal duty of loving one another.

Immortality for Whitman took the form of metempsychosis, and he believed that every individual will be reborn, usually but not always in a higher form. He had also worked out for himself something approaching the Indian notion of karma, which is the doctrine that actions performed during one incarnation determine the nature and fate of the individual during his next incarnation; the doctrine is emphatically if somewhat unclearly stated in a passage of the 1855 prose introduction that was later rewritten as a poem, "Song of Prudence."

By means of metempsychosis and karma we are all involved in a process of spiritual evolution that might be compared to natural evolution. Even the latter process, however, was not regarded by Whitman as strictly natural or material. He believed that animals have a rudimentary sort of soul ("They bring me tokens of myself"), and he hinted or surmised, without directly saying, that rocks, trees, and planets possess an identity, or "eidólon," that persists as they rise to higher states of being. The double process of evolution, natural and spiritual, can be traced for ages into the past, and he believed that it will continue for ages beyond ages. Still, for Whitman, it is not an eternal process, since it has an ultimate goal, which appears to the reabsorption of all things into the Divine Ground: "Our rendezvous is fitly appointed," he says. "God will be there and wait till we come."

Most of Whitman's doctrines, though by no means all of them, belong to the mainstream of Indian philosophy. In some respects he went against the stream. Unlike most of the Indian sages or gurus, he was not a thoroughgoing idealist. He did not believe that the whole world of the senses, of desires, of birth and death, was only Maya, illusion, nor did he hold that it was a sort of purgatory; instead he praised the world as real and joyful. He did not despise the body, but proclaimed that it was as miraculous as the soul. He was too good a citizen of the nineteenth century to surrender his faith in material progress as the necessary counterpart of spiritual progress. Although he yearned for ecstatic union with the soul or Oversoul, he did not try to achieve it by subjugating the senses, as advised by Hindus and Buddhists alike; on the contrary, he thought the "merge" could also be achieved (as in chants 26-29) by a surrender to the senses.

These are important differences, but it must be remembered that Indian philosophy or theology is not such a



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[illegible] appears to us from a distance [illegible] might have found [illegible] and even whole sects that agreed with one or another of his heterodoxies (perhaps excepting his belief in material progress). One is tempted to say that instead of being a Christian heretic, he was an Indian rebel and sectarian.

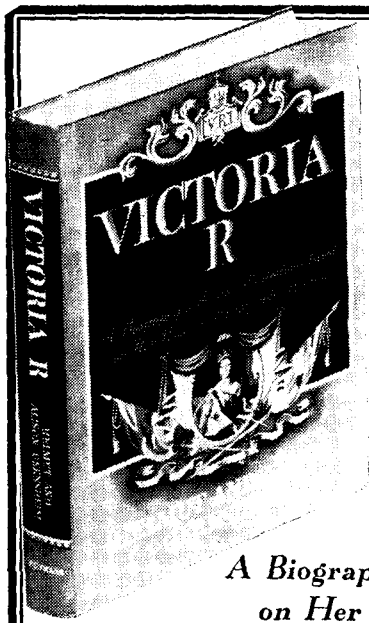
Sometimes he seems to be a Mahayana Buddhist, promising nirvana for all after countless reincarnations, and also sharing the belief of some Mahayana sects that the sexual act can serve as one of the sacraments. At other times he might be an older brother of Sri Ramakrishna (1836-86), the latter-day apostle of Tantric Brahmanism. Although this priest of Kali, the Mother Goddess, refused to learn English, one finds him delivering some of Whitman's messages in—what is more surprising—the same tone of voice. Read, for example, this fairly typical passage from "The Gospel of Sri Ramakrishna" while remembering that "Consciousness" is to be taken here as a synonym for Divinity:

> The Divine Mother revealed to me in the Kali temple that it was She who had become everything. She showed me that everything was full of Consciousness. The Image was Consciousness, the altar was Consciousness, the water-vessels were Consciousness, the door-sill was Consciousness. . . . I saw a wicked man in front of the Kali temple; but in him I saw the Power of the Divine Mother vibrating. That was why I fed a cat with the food that was to be offered to the Divine Mother.

In "Song of Myself" Whitman expresses the same idea at the end of chant forty-eight, and in the same half-playful fashion:

> Why should I wish to see God better than this day?
> I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and each moment then,
> In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own face in the glass;
> I find letters from God dropped in the street, and every one is signed by God's name,
> And I leave them where they are, for I know that others will punctually come forever and ever.

Such parallels—and there are dozens that might be quoted—are more than accidental. They reveal a kinship in thinking and experience that can be of practical value to students of Whit-



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man. Since the Indian mystical philosophies are elaborate structures, based on conceptions that have been shaped and defined by centuries of discussion, they help to explain Whitman's ideas at points in the first edition where he seems at first glance to be vague or self-contradictory.

There is, for example, his unusual combination of realism—sometimes brutal realism—and serene optimism. Today he is customarily praised for the first, blamed for the second, optimism being out of fashion, and blamed still more for the inconsistency he showed in denying the existence of evil. The usual jibe is that Whitman thought the universe was absolutely perfect and was getting better every day. It is obvious, however, that he never meant to deny the existence of evil in himself or his era or his nation. He knew that it existed in his own family, where one of his brothers was a congenital idiot, another was a drunkard married to a streetwalker, and still another, who had caught "the bad disorder," later died of general paresis in an insane asylum. Whitman's doctrine implied that each of them would have an opportunity to avoid such punishments in future incarnations, where each would be rewarded for his good actions. The universe was an eternal becoming for Whitman, a process not a structure, and it had to be judged from the standpoint of eternity. After his mystical experience, he had become convinced that evil existed only as part of a universally perfect design.

That explains his combination of realism and optimism, which seems unusual only in our Western world. In India, says Dr. Heinrich Zimmer, "Philosophic theory, religious belief, and intuitive experience support each other . . . in the basic insight that, fundamentally, all is well. A supreme optimism prevails everywhere, in spite of the unromantic recognition that the universe is in the most imperfect state imaginable, one amounting practically to chaos."

Another point explained by Indian conceptions is the sort of democracy that Whitman was preaching in "Song of Myself." There is no doubt that he was always a democrat politically—which is to say a Jacksonian Democrat, a Barnburner writing editorials against the Hunkers, a Free Soiler in sympathy, and then a liberal but not a radical Republican. In "Song of Myself," however, he is not advocating rebellion or even reform. "To a drudge of the cottonfields," he says, "or emptier of privies I lean . . . on his right cheek I put the family kiss"; but he offers nothing more than the kiss and an implied promise. What he affirms throughout the poem is not political but religious democracy, such as was practiced by the early Christians. Today it is practiced, at least in theory, by the Tantric sect, and we read in Dr. Zimmer's "Philosophies of India":

> All beings and things are members of a single mystic family (*kula*). There is therefore no thought of caste within the Tantric holy "circles." . . . Women as well as men are eligible not only to receive the highest initiation but also to confer it in the role of guru. . . . However, it must not be supposed that this indifference to the rules of caste implies any idea of revolution within the social sphere, as distinguished from the sphere of spiritual progress. The initiate returns to his post in society. . . . The world is affirmed, just as it is—neither renounced, as by an ascetic, nor corrected, as by a social reformer.

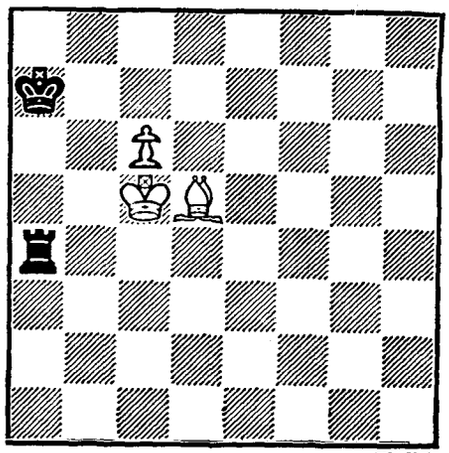
The promise Whitman offers to the drudge of the cottonfields, the emptier of privies, and the prostitute dragging her shawl is that they too can set out with him on his perpetual journey—perhaps not in their present incarnations, but at least in some future life. And that leads to another footnote offered by the Indian philosophies: they explain what the poet meant by the Open Road. It starts as an actual road that winds through fields and cities, but Whitman is doing more than inviting us to shoulder our duds and go hiking along it. The real journey is toward spiritual vision, toward reunion with the Divine Ground; and thus the Open Road becomes Whitman's equivalent for all the other roads and paths and ways that appear in mystical teachings. It reminds us of the Noble Eightfold Path of the Buddhists, and the Taoist Way; it suggests the Indian *bhakti-marga* or "path of devotion"; while it comes closer to being the "big ferry" of the Mahayana sect, in which there is room for every soul to cross to the further shore. Whitman's conception, however, was even broader. He said one should know "the universe itself as a road, as many roads, as roads for traveling souls."

I am not pleading for the acceptance of Whitman's ideas or for any other form of mysticism, Eastern or Western. I am only suggesting that his ideas as expressed in "Song of Myself" are bolder and more coherent than is generally supposed, and philosophically a great deal more respectable.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 6, 1, 5, 7, 2, 3, 4, 8. Column Three should read: 2, 6, 7, 4, 5, 3, 8, 1.

Chess Corner–24



—*Ehrlich.*

IT IS AXIOMATIC in chess that it is easier to achieve a winning game than to win it. One bad move nullifies forty good ones, and precision technique is of the essence even when the game is well in hand. In the position below, observe how carefully White must nurse his Pawn to victory.

WHITE TO PLAY AND WIN

1 P-B7 .....

Obviously. If 1 K-Q6, R-R3 draws. No other move will do.

1 ..... R-R4ch!
2 K-B4! .....

White sidesteps four moves which will not win. For example, 2 K-Q6 (or 2 K-Q4), RxBch 3 KxR, K-N2 4 K-Q6, K-B1 5 K-B6, stalemate. Or 2 K-N4, R-N4ch. If 3 KxR, stalemate. Or if 3 K-B5, R-N1 draws. Or if 2 K-B6, RxB 3 P-B8(Q), R-B4ch 4 KxR, stalemate.

2 ..... R-R8

So that on 3 P-B8(Q), R-B8ch, followed by .....RxQ.

3 B-B6 .....

Meeting the threat and renewing his own.

3 ..... R-B8ch
4 K-Q5 .....

If 4 K-N5, Black checks at N8, followed by .....R-N1 and draws.

4 ..... R-Q8ch
5 K-K6 .....

Is this progress? Where is the White King headed for?

5 ..... R-K8ch
6 K-B7 .....

Again forced. If 6 K-B6, R-K1 7 BxR, K-N2 draws.

6 ..... R-B8ch
7 K-N7 R-N8ch
8 K-R7 .....

Not 8 K-R8 because .....R-N8 9 P-B8(Q), R-N1 draws. Now it is clear where the King was headed. Black is out of good checks. Hence. . . .

8 ..... Resigns

—Al Horowitz.

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(Continued from page 35)

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Giulietta Simionato as Azucena in "Il Trovatore."

SR/RECORDINGS

OCTOBER 31, 1959

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GREAT ARTISTS OF OUR TIME

II. Giulietta Simionato

By IRVING KOLODIN

DOUBTLESS Antonietta Stella, Carlo Bergonzi, and (possibly) Leonard Warren would disagree, but for the first time within recent memory the anticipation of an opening-night audience at the Metropolitan was magnetized not by a soprano, a tenor, or a baritone but by a mezzo. For Giulietta Simionato, the Azucena of the new production of "Il Trovatore," this was neither new nor unusual. One of her first American appearances (she made her San Francisco debut a few weeks before) was as Adalgisa in the "Norma" of the Chicago Lyric Opera Company, which introduced Maria Callas to her native land, in 1954. She was hardly obscured, nor more than nominally second best: what she demonstrated then of discipline, fire, and vivacity brought her even more response from the audience (in the early acts) than accrued to Callas.

In ordinary circumstances Simionato would have been a member of the Metropolitan company from then on, for her engagement was announced at that time and she had accepted several prominent assignments, including the "Orfeo" conducted by Pierre Monteux. But affairs of the voice (no more than those of the heart) do not always run smoothly, and Simionato found it important to be in Italy at the time when her Metropolitan engagement was to begin. Her return to the company, after a five-year cooling-off period, may be attributed to one of two things, or a possible combination thereof: a) the forgiving nature of General Manager Rudolf Bing, b) the indisputable eminence of Simionato in the area of opera in which she functions. Which is the greater, which the lesser, factor is anyone's privilege to decide.

However, not all has been lost to New York, or the nation, in the meantime. Her debut at a concert version of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" in Town Hall in 1957 enabled this public at last to see her plain, so to speak, and determine certain things for themselves. Least of the discoveries was the quality of her voice or artistry, for both had been available for too long in too many places and on too many recordings to be in any degree untested quantities. But it was decidedly stimulating to see a mezzo, who, if only five feet two, was appreciably taller than she was wide, with sufficient good looks to make her role of operatic *femme fatale* credible to the eye as well as the ear. In San Francisco and Dallas as well as Chicago and Philadelphia, Simionato left no doubt that she was a Person as well as a personality.

So far as Italy and the other operatic centers of Europe are concerned, this has been an accepted fact for years and years. Even though you will search the most recent edition of Grove's Dictionary in vain for a

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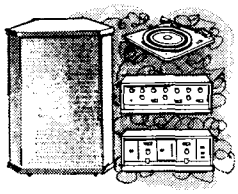

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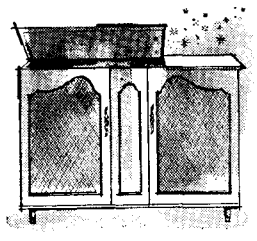

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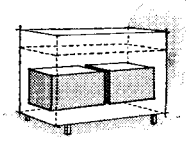

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line about her, or the even later edition of Baker's Dictionary edited by Nicolas Slonimsky (not to mention Gladys Davidson's "Treasury of Opera Biography"), Simionato is no new apparition on the operatic scene, but one whose star has been rising gradually but steadily for more than a few years. She won a "bel canto" contest in Florence as far back as 1933, and the operatic lore of Italy locates her debut (in a sizable role) in Pizzetti's "Orseolo" (also in Florence) in 1938. In the next year she sang Beppe in Mascagni's "L'Amico Fritz" at La Scala, and has rarely been absent from that stage since. It was only after the war that she escaped from the category of "doppia" (or "substitute") and emerged as a personality in her own name. Oddly enough, no records of this early period became known in America (aside from the Gigli "Chenier" in which she was the Countess). But beginning with the Cetra-Soria issue of "Cenerentola" in 1950 they have accrued in a steady succession since.

Thus, she comes to the Metropolitan not in search of recognition, but in fulfillment of normal material ambition plus the operatic discipline which says that a singer is not truly great until she has been recognized as such not merely in Milan, or Vienna, or London, or Buenos Aires, or New York, but in Milan, Vienna, London, Buenos Aires, *and* New York. For some, the accomplishment is by means of a small number of parts worked over and polished till the singer attains rank as "specialist." For others, the distinctions are on a broader front and in much greater depth. Mention of Donizetti's "Anna Bolena" or Bellini's "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi" (in which she sang at Carnegie Hall with sobering success last winter) should leave little doubt as to which category is Simionato's.

Simionato as Simionato

Put in another way, the question is not what Simionato can do in the mezzo line, but what *can't* she do. Such roles as Azucena, Adalgisa, Amneris, or Orfeo (in which she appeared at Salzburg last summer) come to mind first because they are the commonest requirements of the most theatres. But she has demonstrated (as the opportunity permits, as well as on a variety of memorable recordings) that she also sings a repertory of Rossini, Donizetti and Bellini, which have been *terra incognita* for most mezzos for years and years. Whether she will have the opportunity to sing them at the Metropolitan in seasons to come (this year she is restricted to a "conventional" pairing of Santuzza and Azucena, which no one has attempted since Cloe Elmo ventured them, unsuccessfully, in 1947) is an exciting if dubious prospect. The loss, in any case, will be ours, not hers.

With many good singers, the interest of a career is *how* they became successful, rather than what they went on to make of their success. Doubtless Simionato had as many obstacles to overcome as the average aspirant, plus the rather special one of emerging from the shadow of the great Ebe Stignani, who dominated the mezzo scene in Italy (and elsewhere) from her debut in 1926 as Eboli in "Don Carlo" at La Scala for a full quarter century (she was Adalgisa to Callas's "Norma" at Covent Garden in 1952). How Simionato worked as she waited is evident in the combination of capacities she commands at this point of her career.

If a mention of Stignani is, for one *reason*, inescapable in a discussion of outstanding mezzos of recent times, mention of Conchita Supervia is inescapable for another. For it was from the great Italian artist that many present-day enthusiasts derived their idea of how such roles as Amneris, Adalgisa, Leonora in "Favorita," Eboli, and other imposing roles of the repertory should be sung. And it was from her Spanish contemporary that we have derived our best examples of how the mezzo voice may sound in its more agile aspect, as Rosina in the original, low-key version of Rossini's "Barbiere," in "Cenerentola," "Semiramide," and "L'Italiana in Algeri."

It would be absurd to say that Simionato combines the best qualities of both, for Stignani and Supervia were each unique in their ways. But it is as improbable to imagine the statuesque Stignani singing Octavian in "Rosenkavalier" as to picture the diminutive Supervia as Santuzza in "Cavalleria." To the extent that she stands in the middle looking both ways vocally, and overlaps her great predecessors at points where they, themselves, did *not*, Simionato has extended the concept of embracing artistry in a way that has been all but forgotten by recent mezzos.

Simionato as Santuzza in "Cavalleria Rusticana."

Whether she might also challenge Callas (who is known to sing Santuzza and "L'Italiana," as Simionato does) in the title role of Norma is, perhaps, beside the point. But it is not a vocal impossibility for a singer to have an interchangeable command of Adalgisa and Norma, as the documents bearing on Lilli Lehmann's career in Berlin between 1870-1885 attest.

It might, at this point, be interpolated: is there anything more than a mere curiosity interest in extolling the all-purpose singer at the expense of the specialist? By, and of, itself, versatility is no more to be admired than any other aptitude. Andreas Dippel is hardly remembered as a name among tenors, even though he managed to sing, in one Metropolitan season (1904-05) no less than *sixteen* leading roles, including Alfredo in "Traviata" as well as Tristan. But it is not recorded that Dippel sang any of these (including Eisen-

(*Continued on page* 63)

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THE MET (1959-60) ON MICROGROOVE

OPERA	RECOMMENDED COMPLETE RECORDINGS	OTHERS OF UNUSUAL INTEREST
AIDA	**RCA** (Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren—Perlea) **Angel** (Callas, Tucker, Gobbi—Serafin)	**Complete:** RCA 6132 (Nelli, Tucker, Toscanini) **Excerpts:** London 5279 (Tebaldi, Del Monaco); Angel 35540 (Nilsson); RCA 1007 (Caruso); Camden 100 (Ponselle, Martinelli)
ANDREA CHENIER	**RCA** (Caniglia, Gigli, Bechi—De Fabritiis)* **London** (Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Bastianini—Gavazzeni)•	**Excerpts:** RCA 2269 (Bjoerling); London 25081 (Di Stefano)•; Angel 35233 (Callas); Angel 101 (Muzio); RCA 2086 (Merrill)
CARMEN	**RCA** (Stevens, Peerce, Albanese—Reiner) **London** (Juyol, De Luca, Micheau—Wolff)	**Excerpts:** Odéon 121 (Supervia); Pathé 265 (Vallin); RCA 1841 (Bjoerling); London 5237 (Del Monaco); Camden 359 (Farrar, Martinelli)
CAVALLERIA RUSTICANA & PAGLIACCI	**Angel** (Callas, Di Stefano, Panerai, Gobbi—Serafin) **RCA** (Milanov, Bjoerling, Merrill, Warren—Cellini)	**Complete or Highlights:** RCA (Tebaldi, Bjoerling, Bastianini)—Cavalleria Rusticana London (Petrella, Del Monaco)—Pagliacci
DON GIOVANNI	**London** (Siepi, Danco, Dermota—Krips)• **Epic** (London, Zadek, Simoneau—Moralt)	**Complete:** Cetra (Valletti, Taddei—Rudolf) **Excerpts:** Columbia 5239 (Pinza); Angel 35021 (Schwarzkopf); Odéon 1031 (Tauber)
FAUST	**RCA** (De los Angeles, Gedda, Christoff—Cluytens)* **Columbia** (Steber, Conley, Siepi—Cleva)	**Excerpts:** RCA 1841 (Bjoerling); Camden 401 (Pinza); Rococo 9 (Plancon); Angel 35601 (Carteri, Di Stefano); Columbia 4730 (Kirsten)
FIDELIO	**Decca** (Rysanek, Häfliger, Fischer-Dieskau—Fricsay) **RCA** (Bampton, Peerce, Janssen—Toscanini)	**Excerpts:** Camden 462 (Flagstad); Angel 35231 (Schwarzkopf); Decca 9797 (Chorus)
THE FLYING DUTCHMAN	**London** (Varnay, Lustig, Uhde—Keilberth) **Decca** (Kupper, Windgassen, Metternich—Fricsay)	**Excerpts:** Angel 35540 (Nilsson); Angel 35585 (Nilsson-Hotter)•; Decca 9514 (Hotter); Angel 35571 (Edelmann)
LA FORZA DEL DESTINO	**London** (Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Siepi—M. Pradelli)• **RCA** (Milanov, Di Stefano, Tozzi—Previtali)•	**Complete or Highlights:** Angel (Callas, Tucker—Serafin) **Excerpts:** Camden 100 (Ponselle, Martinelli, Pinza); Angel 101 (Muzio); London 25075 (Bergonzi)•
THE GYPSY BARON	**London** (Patzak, Zadek, Poell—Krauss) **Angel** (Schwarzkopf, Gedda, Kunz—Ackermann)	**Complete:** Vanguard (Loose, Kunz) **Highlights:** Epic 3041 (Barabas, Edelmann); **Excerpts:** Scala 837 (Tauber)
MACBETH	**RCA** (Rysanek, Bergonzi, Warren—Leinsdorf)• (to be released)	**Excerpts:** Angel 35763 (Callas); London 5171 (Del Monaco); Eterna 462 (Battistini)
MADAMA BUTTERFLY	**London** (Tebaldi, Bergonzi, Sordello—Serafin)• **Capitol** (De los Angeles, Di Stefano, Gobbi—Gavazzeni)	**Complete:** RCA (Moffo, Valletti—Leinsdorf)•; Angel (Callas, Gedda—Karajan); **Excerpts:** London 5077 (Tebaldi); Urania 7036 (Cebotari)
MANON	**Capitol** (De los Angeles, Legay—Monteux)	**Highlights:** Pathé 265 (Vallin—Villabella); **Excerpts:** Columbia 5002 (Tucker); RCA 6056 (Caruso); London 25081 (Di Stefano)•
THE MARRIAGE OF FIGARO	**London** (Siepi, Gueden, Della Casa, Danco—Kleiber)• **RCA** (Tozzi, Peters, Della Casa, Elias—Leinsdorf)•	**Highlights:** Angel 35326 (Schwarzkopf, Seefried, Kunz) **Excerpts:** Columbia 5239 (Pinza); Angel 35021 (Schwarzkopf); Urania 7036 (Cebotari)
OTELLO	**London** (Del Monaco, Tebaldi, Protti—Erede) **RCA** (Vinay, Nelli, Valdengo—Toscanini)	**Excerpts:** Capitol 7172 (De los Angeles); RCA 6056 (Caruso—Ruffo); Rococo 7 (Tamagno); RCA 1932 (Warren); Eterna 470 (Slezak—Amato)
PARSIFAL	**London** (Mödl, Windgassen, London—Knappertsbusch)	**Excerpts:** London 5259 (Flagstad); Epic 3052 (Edelmann) **Orch. Excerpts:** Capitol 7180 (Kempe)•; Capitol 8368 (Steinberg)•
PELLEAS ET MELISANDE	**Angel** (De los Angeles, Souzay, Jansen—Cluytens) **London** (Danco, Mollet, Rehfuss—Ansermet)	**Complete:** Epic (Micheau, Moran—Fournet)
DER ROSENKAVALIER	**Angel** (Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, Edelmann—Karajan)• **London** (Reining, Jurinac, Weber—Kleiber)	**Excerpts:** Decca 9606 (Lemnitz); Eterna 466 (Tauber) **Orch. Excerpts:** Columbia 6054 (Ormandy)•; Mercury 90099 (Dorati)•
SIMON BOCCANEGRA	**Capitol** (Gobbi, De los Angeles, Christoff—Santini) **Cetra** (Silveri, Stella, Petri—M. Pradelli)	**Excerpts:** Columbia 5239 (Pinza); Capitol 7125 (Christoff)
TOSCA	**Angel** (Callas, Di Stefano, Gobbi—De Sabata) **RCA** (Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren—Leinsdorf)	**Complete:** Columbia (Stella, Poggi, Taddei—Serafin) **Excerpts:** London 5280 (Tebaldi); Angel 101 (Muzio); London 25075 (Bergonzi)•; RCA 1164 (Tagliavini)
TRAVIATA	**RCA** (Carteri, Valletti, Warren—Monteux) **Angel** (Stella, Di Stefano, Gobbi—Serafin)	**Complete:** RCA (Albanese, Peerce—Toscanini) **Excerpts:** London 5344 (Tebaldi); Cetra 50167 (Callas); Angel 101 (Muzio); Eterna 721 (Roswaenge)
TRISTAN AND ISOLDE	**Angel** (Flagstad, Suthaus, Fischer-Dieskau—Furtwängler)	**Excerpts:** RCA 2255 (Farrell)•; Angel 35540 (Nilsson); Cetra 50175 (Callas)
TROVATORE	**Angel** (Callas, Di Stefano, Panerai—Karajan) **RCA** (Milanov, Bjoerling, Warren—Cellini)	**Complete:** London (Tebaldi, Del Monaco, Simionato)• **Excerpts:** London 25075 (Bergonzi)•; Columbia 5062 (Tucker); Camden 401 (Pinza); Scala 803 (Ponselle)
WALKURE	**London** (Act I, Flagstad, Svanholm—Knappertsbusch)• (Act III, Flagstad, Svanholm—Solti)•	**Excerpts:** Angel 35585 (Hotter, Nilsson)•; London 25044 (London)•; Decca 9514 (Hotter); Decca DX 121 (Müller, Windgassen)

* denotes items recently deleted which may still be located.
• denotes recordings in stereo.

GEORGE JELLINEK

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A NEW "MEFISTOFELE"

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

FEW careers in the annals of opera can have rivalled that of Arrigo Boïto for versatility, whimsicality, and fullness of design in life as in art. As composer, he wrote his first opera, "Mefistofele" (of which a new version has just been issued on London OSA 1307, $17.94) at the age of twenty-six and left his second, "Nerone," unfinished when he died fifty years later. As librettist, he created the poems not only for his own stage works, but for Verdi's "Otello," "Falstaff," and "Boccanegra" (revised version), as well as for Ponchielli's "La Gioconda." As educator and molder of tastes, he started out by heading the rebellious young avant-garde of Italy in the 1860s, and ended by serving long afterward on sober commissions affecting the country's leading conservatories.

There exists today—as there did from the start—a good deal of controversy about his skill as composer. Boïto's natural bent seems to have been toward literature, and his musical development was shaped by an iron will rather than by spontaneous growth. As heard through the ears of this generation, his melodies are sometimes—though by no means always—lacking in urgency, his sense of structure episodic, his instrumentation thin. On the other hand, homage has been paid from the beginning to his great poems for "Otello" and "Falstaff," to the splendor of his language, to his unfailing mastery of dramatic effect.

The question remains: are Boïto's musical gifts, as divorced from the poetic, lacking in substance or do they still have power to stir the listener on their own? This writer would answer in the affirmative. The score of "Mefistofele" is not derived from Wagner, as was once claimed; it has no kinship to Berlioz of "The Damnation of Faust"; nor is it indebted to many Italian masters. If there is any single influence at work, one might detect that of Beethoven or Cherubini. Yet, on the whole, Boïto is strictly himself—angular and awkward, giving off a strangely phosphorescent glow. His high points are many: the Prologue to "Mefistofele," which remains a choral masterpiece; the novel opening of the Easter Sunday episode, with its violently shifting metrical scheme, that anticipates so strongly the street fair in "Petrouchka"; the death of Margherita (perhaps Boïto's finest musical moment); Faust's exquisite hymn to Helen of Troy ("Forma ideal purissima") are products of a genuinely creative musical mind. That these are not joined together ideally, that their individual effect is often marred through Boïto's inability to weld the fragments into one compelling whole, lends weight to the reservations of many musicians about this score; but the qualities of the separate scenes, at their best, may not be argued away.

The premiere at La Scala, in 1868, was a fiasco. A certain notoriety attended this first night, of which Boïto was the storm center, with partisan quarrels raging both in and outside of the opera house; but one fact was plain: the general public disapproved. "Mefistofele," so eagerly awaited, had many failings — chiefly its excessive length, since Boïto had gone to both parts of Goethe's "Faust" for his dramatic material. After two unsuccessful performances, the opera disappeared from the boards.

This public hostility was to burn deeply within Boïto. Nevertheless, the work of repair was undertaken, and in 1876 a thoroughly redesigned opera was brought forth at Bologna—a city, at that time, more open to musical novelty than Milan. For this new version, most of the second part of "Mefistofele" had been trimmed: a ravishing duet from Boïto's early sketches for "Ero e Leandro" ("Lontano, lontano") was added to the prison scene and major alterations were worked elsewhere. The new edition pleased its audience and has held the stage these many years in Italian opera houses.

For a work which has not been given too often outside of Italy (always excepting the boom period when Chaliapin used it as a vehicle from St. Petersburg to New York), "Mefistofele" is surprisingly well represented on discs, starting with singles by Caruso. The first complete recording, one of the Scala-Molajoli series, released by Columbia, was made during the 1920s, with a notable cast. The veteran basso, De Angelis, sang the title role; Melandri was the Faust; and the two heroines were strikingly interpreted by Mafalda Favero (Margherita) and Giannina Arangi-Lombardi (Elena). During the present decade, Boïto's opera has been issued by Urania (Franco Capuana conducting, with Gianni Poggi, as Faust, and the late Giulio Neri, as Mefistofele, among the better-known singers), and by RCA Victor (in an abridged version, eliminating the Classical Sabbath scene, with Prandelli and Christoff featured, Vittorio Gui conducting). Neither of these sets is definitive. To the same period belongs the monumental recording of the Prologue by Toscanini, with the NBC Symphony, chorus, and Nicola Moscona as Mefistofele (RCA Victor). Now comes the complete opera on stereo, as issued by London.

Prevailingly fine singers are used in this new album. Mario Del Monaco is the Faust; Cesare Siepi, Mefistofele; Renata Tebaldi, Margherita. Tullio Serafin conducts. Much was to be expected of such a combination, but less has been realized. Mr. Siepi, musically conscientious and in good voice, is a capable Mefistofele; and Mr. Del Monaco sings a persuasive—sometimes thrilling—Faust, if one allows for an occasional slighting of Boïto's carefully marked nuances. Indeed, when the recording engineers have left these two first-class singers to their own devices, the results are generally pleasurable. Much of the time, however, the unfortunate artists are shifted from side to side, front to rear, or vice versa, in token of their movements on stage during a live performance. No proportionate realism accrues—only aural distraction, a series of sound effects imposed upon the score with little regard for its musical design.

Miss Tebaldi sings the phrases of Margherita with luscious tone, but when the chips are down, as in the prison scene, she lacks the heartbreaking youth and bewilderment so basic to the character. Here, only her spoken line—"Enrico, mi fai ribrezzo"—is shot through with the desired tragic intent. The rest is skilled vocalizing. Might it not have been preferable to cast Miss Tebaldi in the extrovert music of Helen of Troy, better suited to her voice and temperament?

Special praise must go to Lucia Danieli, an amusing Marta (she also doubles, in the Classical Sabbath, as Pantalis), and to Piero di Palma, effective in the minor role of Wagner. The performance by orchestra and chorus of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia is, on these discs, surprisingly leaden. After listening several times to the stereophonic Prologue of the new set, this writer replayed the Toscanini recording. No, memory had not embellished. The thrust of the opening brass calls, the uniquely tender contrast of the "Ave, Signor," the cumulative grandeur of chorus and orchestra in the final pages make the NBC version ageless, just as Maestro Serafin's flaccid beat and an over-all feeling of tonal gadgetry, rather than of top musical performance, render the latest edition disappointing. There is still room for a complete "Mefistofele."

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Singing Harpsichord

By JAN HOLCMAN

IT WAS only a few months ago that Wanda Landowska sat at the harpsichord in her Lakeville, Connecticut, home, putting the finishing touches on a beautiful disc that now bears the sad title "Memorial" (Bach's Two- and Three-Part Inventions with the artist's oral comments explaining why these pieces deserve a better fate than just to be "given to beginners . . . alongside Czerny." RCA LM-2389, $4.98). But on August 16, 1959 the Empress of the Harpsichord left us in the eightieth year of a life of which seventy-five had been consecrated to her art. In her specialized field Landowska may be considered an entirely unique phenomenon as both an artist and a scholar. With her death the world lost not only the foremost exponent of Baroque and Renaissance music but the last reminder of the Golden Age of Chaliapin, Ysaye, Toscanini, etc.

Born in Poland, in 1879, Landowska's musical gifts were apparent before she reached the age of five. Her first important teacher was the well-known Chopinist, Michalowski (himself a pupil of Tausig), who acquainted her with the spirit and letter of pianistic art. Landowska was only fourteen when she graduated from the Warsaw Conservatory as an accomplished musician. Soon she began a flirtation with the harpsichord which turned into a lifelong passion. Her attention was completely arrested by this instrument and its literature, and they led her to profound analytical studies, stimulated by visits to museums, collections, libraries. The results echoed in her own performances, through which she dominated the field for a half-century (U.S. debut, 1923). She also composed. Her stylistic cadenzas to Mozart's concertos are hard to distinguish from Mozart's own music. Landowska centered her concert, literary and teaching activities in France, where her "Temple of Ancient Music" was invaded by music pilgrims from all over the world. This until the German invasion of 1940, when her fanciful instruments, personal notes, rare books, and invaluable manuscripts were looted by the Nazis. She herself found refuge in America.

Landowska's ardent effort to awaken a public interest in the forgotten "two manuals" found response even among some modern composers, who included

Wanda Landowska — "she was a unique phenomenon."

the harpsichord in their work. Not at once, however. It took years before a public—and a regiment of fanatics—had been collected to appreciate the aristocratic instrument. The game was uneven. To face new audiences with an antique instrument was like entering a jungle with a flintlock musket. In the first place, the harpsichord could be heard properly and enjoyed only under the most favorable acoustical conditions—in small halls, private salons, and of course via radio and recordings. In larger auditoriums the audience in the front seats caught the incomparable variety of exotic colors, contrasts, and expressions of which the harpsichord and Landowska were capable; the listener in the rear heard sounds resembling a swarm of bees.

The impact of Landowska's artistry eventually conquered all handicaps. Whether for her majestic dignity, her keen polyphony, or precise technique (still intact at eighty)—Landowska became a celebrity. She could modify the sound of the instrument by *her own* touch. She made the harpsichord "sing," as Paderewski once noted not without surprise. She took pains, whenever a repetition occurred in a score, to play it in a slightly different way—a practice inherited directly from C. P. E. Bach. This, incidentally, was also the way Hofmann used to play, and not the way we are playing today. Landowska, the innovator, could be heard even in miniatures like Daquin's "Le coucou," accompanied by a muted string ensemble, or in a Chopin Mazurka performed on the harpsichord (!) which recreated the effects of a bass viol and other instruments that would be found in a country village where the *Mazur* originated.

The distinctive elements of Landowska's individual style are so numerous and rich that a few, more concrete examples should be mentioned. Her enchanting freedom of expression with its improvisatory form—for instance, in the eloquent opening phrase of the Mozart B flat major Sonata, a piano recording made near the end of her life. There is Landowska's consummate control of the most refractory component—rhythm, the inner pulsation of which rules her rubato, never overlong, never hysterical. And remember that the lady was a Pole, possessed of a fund of Slavic grace and humor which radiated from elegant dance-episodes (*e.g.*, Scarlatti). Then, the superlative erudition of her fingers, applied in mastering the fantastic knots of eighteenth-century ornamentation: for example, throughout Couperin's works. And the surprise that the frail old musician and her "antique" instrument kept stored in their arsenal: the imposing "orchestrations" that she could deliver through octave-couplings and other ingenious devices, not only those of the harpsichord, but her own (*e.g.*, the final section in Bach's Fugue No. 4 in C sharp minor, Book II). Last, perhaps, associated with her geometric sense of proportion, is the timing in those pieces for which Landowska deliberately chose a strikingly slow pace. She has always enough time; the listener never grows impatient. Paradoxically, pianists afraid of boring their audience wouldn't have the courage to play these works at such speed, despite their access to the sustaining pedal.

While only the harpsichord could have provided Landowska with the opportunity to display her extraordinary talents and preferences to the fullest, it is also fair to remark that this two-manual instrument perfectly suited her delicate physique (incidentally, Landowska's harpsichord was constructed by Pleyel to her own specifications). Nonetheless, she never abandoned the piano completely, and just a few years ago returned once more to "my first love" in her peerless, free, and radiant recordings of four Mozart sonatas (RCA Victor 2LM 6044, $9.96). In these performances Landowska took seriously the testimony of witnesses who themselves heard Mozart in *cantilena*, "which seemed to issue from the throat of a singer rather than from a keyboard of an instrument." She wanted to follow Mozart's own playing, "which became in the Larghetti sensuous, yet spiritual, lively, punctuated by interro-

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"LOST LANDOWSKA" FOUND

WITH REFERENCE to the request for information on certain of the Landowska broadcasts [*SR* Sept. 26], I would like to inform you of the following:

I have, in quite good sound, presently on tape at 15 ips, the following:

2 December 1945: Mozart: Piano Concerto in E flat K 482 (The Haydn was not broadcast this day. There is one slight defect in the musical texture of the concerto.)

27 October 1946: Mozart: Piano Concerto in C K. 415.

A. F. R. L.

New York, N. Y.

WHEN I WAS music director of the American Forces Network in Frankfurt, Germany, in 1954-1956, the record library had transcriptions of the New York Philharmonic concert of November, 1949, during which Mme. Landowska played the Poulenc *Concert Champêtre* and the Handel Concerto in B flat major, Op. 4, No. 6.

The Handel was used several times on concert programs I produced, and my records show that the AFN file number for the set of transcriptions involved is NYPS #88. The Handel was in good condition, but I recall being disappointed to discover that the Poulenc was not in suitable condition for broadcasting.

If AFN cannot help you, or if the transcriptions have since been removed from the library, perhaps AFN's parent organization, the Armed Forces Radio and Television Service, can help.

W. P. S.

Flint, Mich.

I HAVE an acetate recording (LP, 33 1/3) of the Landowska broadcast of the Poulenc Concert Champêtre dubbed from the broadcast by a professional studio in New York City, Nov. 20, 1949. The surface is in good condition, except for a very small hump or minor warping that I believe could be corrected easily enough with heat and pressure.

E. B. K.

Los Angeles, Calif.

I HAVE A WIRE recording made, I believe, in March 1949, taken from an FM broadcast in New York City; Miss Landowska plays the following: Chambonnières, Chaconne; G. F. Handel, Suite in G minor; J. S. Bach, Prelude and Fugue in E flat minor; and Jean P. Rameau, Suite in E minor. The wire is in good condition—originally made on a Webster wire recorder bought in '47. If you have no tapes this might be of some use.

J. M. W., M.D.

San Francisco, Calif.

I AM INTERESTED in the statement on page 66 of the *Saturday Review* issue of September 26, 1959. I have acetate recordings of the broadcast of February 21, 1954, the Frick Collection Concert. The recordings are not perfect, but I treasure them since they contain the voice and playing of Mme. Landowska.

If you would like to listen to these, I would be very glad to lend them.

L. R. E.

Paterson, N. J.

Award Without Distinction

CHANCES are that few readers of these pages would know the significance of NARAS if they came upon it, suggesting as it does another inner, or outer, space agency. Translated, it becomes the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences, whose members have been polled for their opinions on the "best records of the year" in thirty-odd categories, and have come up with answers on everything from the "Best Album Cover of the Year" to "Best Soundtrack Album." With these, and such other categories as "Best Country and Western" performance or "Best Performance by 'Top 40' Artist," *SR* is not particularly concerned: but there are others, suggesting accomplishments of unusual distinction in fields where critical standards prevail, with which it is.

In eight categories involving jazz and classical performances, a list of nominations has been published, from which the unconditional "winners" will be voted and suitable awards bestowed (the Academy has a TV program coming up on November 29). Of the forty-odd nominations, a total of thirty (or some eighty per cent of the whole) are products of RCA Victor. In three categories—"Best Classical Performance," "Best Classical Performance with Soloist and Orchestra," and "Vocal Soloist," the listening-dog label is credited with a virtual clean sweep.

No one acquainted with the total production of such records in this country needs to be told that such a "selection" based on some definable merit system, would be not merely improbable, but impossible. RCA Victor makes some very good records, but so do Columbia, London, Mercury, Capitol, Angel, Decca, and a host of others, as these pages attest. If the selection then is not the result of a "definable merit system," what is it the result of? Nothing more nor less than the number of members of the "Academy"—representing performers, engineers, cover-designers, editors, etc.—each company employs. Or to put it in another way, the number of company employees who "happen" to be members of NARAS.

All members of the industry, in the eligible categories, may become dues-paying, voting members of the Academy. A good many, for one reason or another, have not bothered to do so. On the other hand, it is "not inconceivable" (as one close to the Academy conceded) that some companies have paid the dues for their employees. This doubtless has good reasons of self-interest to justify it: but it leads to the inevitable outcome—the company with the largest dues-paying membership will come up with the voting result most favorable to itself.

Presumably the purpose of NARAS is to enhance the stature and prestige of the record industry. But it is hardly tending in that direction when it proposes to make awards in categories that presume hundreds of hours of listening per year to have a reasonable (if necessarily incomplete) familiarity with what is being done. To decide, on the basis of stuffed ballot boxes, that "THE BEST CLASSICAL PERFORMANCE" ("ORCHESTRAL") must be one of the following:

Beethoven—Symphony No. 6, Monteux conducting

Debussy—"Images" for Orchestra, Munch conducting

Rossini—"Overtures," Reiner conducting

Tchaikovsky — "Capriccio Italien," Kondrashin conducting

Tchaikovsky — "Overture 1812," Gould conducting

is as much as to say that only RCA—for whom they all record—makes orchestral records of the classical repertory.

How one member of the recording industry feels about it is contained in a letter from Goddard Lieberson (president of Columbia Records) addressed to the officers of the National Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences:

As a member of a distinguished and creative industry, I am shocked by the results of the second year's NARAS nominations for outstanding phonograph record releases. In my opinion, these, as was the case last year, in no way reflect either the status, the quality, or the scope of the record industry. I say this after one year of considered silence and, even now, at the risk of being accused of "sour grapes."

It must seem obvious to any detached observer that the NARAS nominations do not, by any means, represent a true evaluation of our industry's output during the past year. With all due respect to the artists nominated including, I might say, those from Columbia Records, the NARAS method of nomination cannot provide a true measurement of artistic merit, nor give any indication of the record industry's great artistic accomplishments in either the classical, jazz, or popular fields. The omission of so many internationally famous artists

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Recordings in Review

Welcome, Sayao

VILLA-LOBOS: *"Forest of the Amazon." Villa-Lobos conducting the Symphony of the Air, chorus, and Bidu Sayão, soprano.* United Artists UAL 7007, $4.98.

FOR THOSE to whom the voice and artistry of Bidu Sayão were among the most glowing memories of operatic affairs in the Forties, this specimen of her abilities will be both a pleasure and a perplexity: sheer delight in the soaring ease, purity of sound, and warmth of feeling with which she performs the "Canção de Amor" (a beautiful expression which is likely to be as closely associated with her name as the "Bachianas Brasileiras No. 5"), and curiosity, bordering on wonder, why these talents haven't been put to more use in the last decade.

"Canção de Amor" is the high-lying highlight of side two of this issue, but it has worthy vocal material preceding ("Tarde Azul," "Os Indios à Procura de Moça," and "Veleiros") and following it (a reprise of "Canção de Amor"), to which Miss Sayão gives equally heartfelt service. In effect, her voice is treated as another instrument in the orchestra, and it is hard to believe that Villa-Lobos had any other sound than hers in mind when he was writing this music.

Though "Forest of the Amazon" is the title given to the work on label and liner, it is actually a derivative of the soundtrack written by Villa-Lobos for the recent MGM version of Hudson's "Green Mansions." In some details, it is reminiscent of such earlier works as "Origin of the Amazon River" and "Uirapuru." However, that is a matter of small moment, for the materials have been reworked to serve new purposes, which they do with almost consistent success. And though Villa-Lobos is not the world's most convincing conductor of his own music, the orchestra plays very well for him. The recorded quality of sound is good, per se, but it sounds remote from the microphone, or the product of an adverse studio.

Enter Williams

BACH: *Suite No. 3,* ALBENIZ: *"Torre Bermeja,"* PONCE: *"Three Mexican Popular Songs,"* VILLA-LOBOS: *Etude No. 1,* CRESPO: *Norteña,* DUARTE: *Variations on "Canço del Llabre." John Williams, guitar.* Washington WR 424, $4.98.

SHORT OF BEING named John Smith or Joseph Jones, John Williams could hardly be a less rememberable name for a musician bent on a public career. But nobody who plays any instrument as well, as sensitively, and with as much personal communication as Williams does the guitar can long remain obscure. A native of Australia, where he was born in 1940 (the liner bears the rather frightening misprint of "1946" for his birth date, but other references make clear that it has taken him at least nineteen, rather than only thirteen, years to attain his present state of development), Williams pursued advanced studies in London, including the Royal College of Music.

One constant factor in his favor, whether he is playing Bach (as arranged by his teacher, Englishman John W. Duarte) or Albeniz, is a tone of uncommon vibrance and aural appeal. Whether this is a result of uncommonly clever microphoning (no individual credit for the English recording is assigned) or a condition that would prevail in concert performances as well, only the "live" experience could tell. But it is certainly a contributory factor to the interest and satisfaction of these performances, especially as modulated by Williams with the fine sense of relative dynamics that seems to be possessed only by players of such obstinate instruments as the harp, the oboe, or the guitar.

Williams plays his Bach (derived from the third suite for unaccompanied cello) with a clear comprehension of its contrapuntal character and enlivening touches of imagination where they are pertinent (in the Bourrées particularly). Aside from a little awkwardness now and then in moving from one position to another, and slightly squealing noises that accompany his hand action on the strings, the short pieces are uncommonly well played also. Doubtless he will continue to develop as a technician, but there is little doubt that he possesses the musical intelligence and personal view of what he plays to become a leader in his chosen field.

John Williams—"musical intelligence and personal view."

Not the Most of Lees

LEES: *Symphony No. 2.* COWELL: *"Ongaku." Robert Whitney conducting the Louisville Orchestra.* Lou 595, $7.95.

THE QUALITY OF music (particularly chamber music) produced by Benjamin Lees within the last four or five years has identified him not merely as a composer to watch, but also one to listen to. A natural flow of musical idea and a suitable match of material to means of expression (and vice versa) are attributes by no means in oversupply among his contemporaries.

Some of these qualities (especially the flow of idea) are characteristic of this second symphony (first performed in Louisville last December). But it is also a little oversupplied with timpani thumps and staccato brass chords for my taste, as if Lees were anxious to identify himself with the "Angry Young Men" before it is too late (he is now thirty-five). Certainly by the middle of the scherzo (especially on the second time around) I had heard as much of

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Lees's unrelieved clamor as I cared for.

Cowell's "Ongaku" (which is much concerned with sound for sound's sake) is a more skillful blend of elements, this composer's long association with sonorous play providing him with a crafty sense of how his elements can be best mixed. The title is derived from the Japanese word meaning "the art and science of sound." To my ears, it sounds like a convincing imitation of the original, sufficiently refined to be agreeable to Western ears (especially those occidented, so to speak, to Cowell's seconds). Certainly it poses a lively challenge for a hi-fi system, with rather more esthetic content than the random transients of a conventional test record.

Kondrashin, Colorist

TCHAIKOVSKY: *"Capriccio Italien,"* RIMSKY-KORSAKOFF: *"Capriccio Espagnol." Kiril Kondrashin conducting the RCA Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LSC 2323, $5.98 (Monophonic LM 2323, $4.98).

TILL THE PRESENT time, Kondrashin has been known to Americans almost exclusively as the associate of Van Cliburn in the concerts that followed his return from Moscow in the late spring of 1958 (Chicago also heard, and admired him, as an opera conductor last fall). From those concerts and the recordings they produced, it seemed proper to regard Kondrashin as a musician of considerable accomplishments with a disposition to deliberate tempi, and more strength than subtlety.

"Proper" perhaps, but not altogether accurate. The two pieces with which he is concerned on this disc do not bear much on the question of subtlety, but they show an alertness of mind, a driving command of the material at his disposal which should put him in the forefront of the conductors of his generation. How much time he had with this orchestra (quite a different group than the Symphony of the Air of the Cliburn concerts) is unknown to me, but if it conforms to usual practice in studio recordings, the results are a high compliment to his organizational talents.

This applies especially to the Tchaikovsky, for which Kondrashin provides enlivening tempi, a vital rhythmic accent, and a taste in sonority that bypasses some banalities of the scoring. Over all, one rarely hears such a joyous sense of participation on the part of an orchestra which has no identity of its own. Kondrashin's effort is of the same order in Rimsky-Korsakoff, but what the late Argenta did with this material shows that a feeling for the Spanish idiom adds a something special to the whole. Oscar Shumsky is the solo violinist and a very good one, too.

Beecham's "Seasons"

LONG awaited as it has been, the version of Joseph Haydn's "The Seasons" which has just been issued by Capitol (SGCR 7184, $17.85.) is not likely to rank among the most endearing products of artistry and industry which Sir Thomas Beecham has given us. Part of the difficulty is due to the magnitude of the project (three double-faced LPs) and the problems it poses of performance and reproduction—neither of which is consistently first class. Another part of it is due to Sir Thomas's estimate of the score, which gives us, in addition to the four seasons treated by Haydn, a fifth season—that winter of discontent which seems to afflict a conductor when he examines a defenseless masterpiece and sees opportunities to "improve" it.

When liberties are taken with a potpourri of pieces (such as the Handel-Beecham "Great Elopement") and the emendations are properly acknowledged, at least the listener is aware that some retouching has been done, and he may assess the damage accordingly. But when Beecham adds some twenty-odd cymbal crashes to a certain dance section of "The Seasons," it is Haydn who may wrongly be blamed for a cheapening effect. Elsewhere, Beecham has decided that the composer neglected to write in a bell part when there is reference in the text to such a sound, and thus he has provided a B flat chime (a more literal touch than the composer preferred). And the timpani stroke which Haydn utilized to suggest a gun shot is heard a second time, though not so indicated in the score. (Nothing in the annotation mentions that the score is not being heard as Haydn wrote it).

Some English commentators have taken Beecham to task for using strings to accompany the recitatives rather than the indicated *cembalo*. This objection tends to the pedantic for, in several instances, Haydn himself uses the strings exactly the same way before the recitative is connected to the succeeding aria. Hence what Beecham has done is merely to make a consistent sound of them throughout. A point of procedure otherwise worth mentioning is the transposition of Simon's air "Der muntre Hirt" from F down a full step to E flat. This may be a convenience for singer Michael Langdon, or it might even facilitate performance of the French horn flourishes in the background, but it makes for a sticky transition to the following recitative of Hanne ("Nancy" in this English version), which is in D minor (the relative of the dispossessed F major).

So much for textual considerations. The performance from the start is a variable one, with a curiously repressed treatment of the overture depicting the passage of Winter into Spring (marked "vivace" in the Philharmonia edition, it is performed here at no more than an allegretto). There are some poetic touches in the Spring and Summer sections (especially when Haydn's imagery, in the allusions to natural phenomena, enables Beecham to highlight some jaunty instrumental details); but it is only with arrival of Autumn, with its vivid hunt chorus, its harvest songs and rejoicings, that we hear the kind of invigorating results associated with this interpreter. The great chorus of "Landvolk und Jäger" (p. 373) has almost the scope of Berlioz's hunt and storm in "Troyens" as Beecham broadens its lines to the dimensions of a tonal mural, and the two horns jubilate in a bold clamor of sound.

Too often, however, the choral "middle" dominates the total sound, with instrumental details that are plainly visible on the printed page blanketed or barely audible. This strikes me as the product of poor microphone placement, and of an approach to stereo which has the bass voice of Simon coming out of the left speaker and the soprano from the right, rather than being poised somewhere between. Of the vocal participants, Elsie Morison is most consistently expert, though pale in sound for the country character desired; Alexander Young is hard-pressed by the range of the tenor part, and Michael Langdon is a little wooden in the upper reaches of his bass voice. Dennis Arundell's composite English text (blending as many of James Thompson's original lines as fit the music with a re-translation of the German words set by Haydn) is a skilful, literate effort: unfortunately Langdon is the only one of the vocalists with a sufficiently clear enunciation for it to make much difference what language is being sung. Altogether, the singers do not match the Eipperle-Patzak-Hann trio of the Clemens Krauss performance issued by the Haydn Society, or the more recent Trötschel-Ludwig-Greindl combination heard in the Fricsay version on Decca (DX 123).

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: ORCHESTRAL LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Symphony No. 2, Overtures to "Ruins of Athens" and "Prometheus." Eugen Jochum conducting the Berlin Philharmonic and the Bavarian Radio Orchestras. DGS 712006, $5.98.	Recognition of Jochum's solid abilities has continued to expand in the last half decade or so as he has been permitted a larger share of the literature formerly assumed by Kleiber, Krauss, Furtwängler, etc. The second symphony has a strong, well-defined character as he projects it, if his pursuit of musical truth is a little rigorous and unbending for a work as volatile as this. The two overtures (both played by his own Munich orchestra) are well done. Fine stereo sound.
Berlioz: Grande Symphonie Funèbre et Triomphale. Désiré Dondeyne conducting the Chorale Populaire de Paris and the Musique des Gardiens de la Paix de Paris. Westminster XWN 18865, $4.98.	There is much of Berlioz's most original kind of musical thinking in this work (written for the ceremony of 1840 in which the victims of the July uprising of 1830 were reinterred at the Place de la Bastille), also a good deal that is overlong, grandiose, tonally verbose. Some part of this impression may derive from the scoring for wind band, which conveys the opening "marche funèbre" impressively, but tends to become monotonous in the following "Oraison funèbre" and the choral "Apothéose." Rather dull-sounding recording also.
Brahms: Variations on a theme by Haydn, "Academic Festival" and "Tragic" overtures. Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Epic BC 1028, $5.98.	Probity and musical rectitude are the Gemini of the artistic sign under which these performances are done. I would prefer more color and animation in the variations, which tend to become a little prosy, but the two overtures are powerfully performed, with a special compliment to the Philips (Epic) engineers for the rich sound of winds and strings. Their stereo is equal to any.
Mozart: Concertos in G (K.216) and D (K.218). Zino Francescatti, violin, with orchestra conducted by Bruno Walter. Columbia MS 6063, $5.98.	Francescatti and Walter are both standard brand names for quality musical merchandise, a guarantee of durability and sound workmanship. But there is some question that the violinist's incisive, rather cutting sound is just what is wanted in this literature, or that it makes a homogeneous match to Walter's preferred approach. The viewpoints coincide best in the slow movements, with the long lines strongly sustained by Francescatti's powerful tone. In the other movements, he tends to overpower the sentiment of the music with the weight of his playing.
Mozart: Symphonies No. 14 in A (K.114), 15 in G (K.134), 16 in C (K.128), and 17 in G (K.129). Erich Leinsdorf conducting. Westminster XWN 18864, $4.98.	Leinsdorf and his able little ensemble (drawn from the personnel of the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra) spin a web of enchantment in these works written by Mozart between his fourteenth and sixteenth years. Each has at least one movement of superior thought and organization, with or without respect for the composer's youth (or age). In two instances at least they are slow movements of curling melodic outline and typically discriminating harmonic thought. Throughout, Leinsdorf suits his dynamic scale to the needs of the music with a steady sense of the appropriate.
Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C. Charles Munch and the Boston Symphony Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2344, $5.98.	In terms of its objectives, this is a highly successful endeavor by Munch to deliver a comprehensive view of Schubert's magical work. These objectives tend toward the drama and energy imparted by Toscanini to this score, without attaining an equivalent offset of relaxation and lyricism, rather than to the more softly molded statement by Furtwängler or Walter (where there is, nevertheless, abundant energy.) Nor is he as adept as Szell in reconciling a variety of possible views in a kind of "conductor of conductors" version. It may be added that the orchestra responds wholeheartedly to his direction, and that the Symphony Hall sound is roundly conveyed.
Smetana: "Ma Vlast." Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CSA 2202, $9.96.	Kubelik's aptitude for this task is well established through his earlier recording for Mercury, whose merits of style and purpose are at least duplicated in this recent effort. However, it also tends to duplicate some of the harshness of string sound and shrillness of brass which Kubelik preferred in Chicago, something of a major, if negative, feat with the Vienna players. Rehearing of the whole cycle leaves little doubt that the "Moldau" is the best as well as the most popular, but the charming "Bohemia's Woods and Meadows" might rival it were there conductors of sufficient enterprise to make it known.
Strauss: "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CS 6219, $4.98.	Even in such a tonal broadside as this, there is more to realizing the composer's intention than a mere execution of the notes, dazzling as they may sound when as well performed as they are here (save for some lapses of pitch in Willi Boskovsky's playing of the solo violin part), aided by the spread of stereophony. Karajan's concept of the score doesn't strike me as comparable, in emotion or scope, with the earlier London one of Krauss or as sensitive to the nuances of orchestral writing as the Reiner-Chicago.
Tchaikovsky: "1812" Overture. Ravel: "Bolero." Morton Gould with orchestra and band. RCA Victor LSC 2345, $5.98.	Allotment of a full side for each of these relatively brief items is self-expressive of the all-out latitude provided to Gould and his technical team to achieve something monumental in decibel content. (The carillon and cannon were dubbed in.) All of this may add to something irresistible to the man who plays his machine rather than the music, but those interested in the length of "1812" rather than the brevity of the cannon shots will be better off with the Reiner version on LM 1999. Likewise with the Ansermet (London LL 1156) or Paray (Mercury 50020) "Bolero." In terms other than loudness, the recording of "Bolero" is notable for the clarity and definition of the woodwind solos.
Vivaldi: Concerti, opus 10. Gastone Tassinari, flute, with I Musici. Epic LC 3541, $4.98.	In addition to the reasonably well-known "Il Cardellino" ("The Goldfinch"), opus 10 contains five other works of substance, charm, and dulcet appeal. It is a literature for which I Musici have an inbred affinity, and they adapt themselves to its varied needs with resilient musicianship and finely flexible sound. Tassinari may not have the vivacity of sound accessible to some contemporary flute virtuosi, but he is a player of sensitivity and taste who performs throughout as the member of an ensemble rather than as a soloist.
Wagner: "Prelude" and "Liebestod" ("Tristan und Isolde"), Prelude and "Good Friday Music" ("Parsifal"). Rudolf Kempe conducting the Vienna Philharmonic. Capital SG 7180, $5.98.	For those who relish their Wagner thoughtful and sensitive rather than impulsive and exciting, Kempe is a conductor to cherish, his work of a consistency and character that rarely deviate. To be sure, it would be desirable to have performances that are impulsive and exciting as well as thoughtful and sensitive, but if there must be an election of alternatives, these performances are in their way beautifully done. Kempe wisely does not ruffle the surface of this orchestra's superlative sheen, and the engineers have done their part admirably. The "Lohengrin" prelude is also included.
Walton: "Façade" Suite. Lecocq-Jacob: "Mam'zelle Angot" Suite. Anatole Fistoulari conducting the Royal Opera House Orchestra. RCA Victor LSC 2285, $5.98.	No matter which side one turns to, there is an abundance of light, sparkling musical matter given appropriately light, sparkling treatment by Fistoulari. The coupling has taken care of a portion of the critical function, for the fluency and invention of Lecocq's melodies provide their own, unsilent commentary on the worked-over attributes of Walton's. Arranger Gordon Jacob has studied well the methods of Manuel Rosenthal's treatment of Offenbach in "Gaité Parisienne," and applied them skilfully to Lecocq. —Irving Kolodin.

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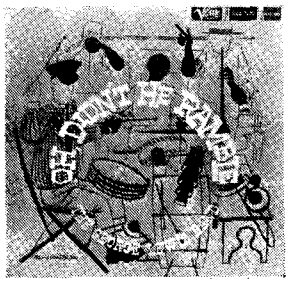

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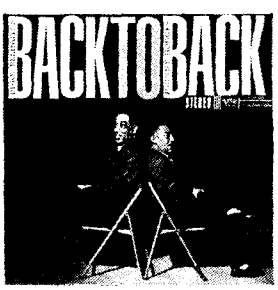

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: MISCELLANEOUS LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Arditi: "Parla" waltz, Godard: "Berceuse" ("Jocelyn"), Dvorak: "O Lovely Moon" ("Rusalka"), Meyerbeer: "Ombra leggiera" ("Dinorah"), Saint-Saëns: "Le Rossignol et la Rose," Strauss: "Voices of Spring," etc. Rita Streich, soprano, with Kurt Gaebel conducting the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra. DGS 712004, $5.98.	Whatever the degree of familiarity of her material (and some of it is as enterprising as Verdi's "Le Spazzacammino" of 1845, which translates as "The Chimney Sweep") Miss Streich sings it with a blend of assurance, taste, and lovely sound that puts her at the head of her class among singers of the day. Fluency and precision are to be expected of a singer who undertakes the vocal version of "Voices of Spring" and "Tales from the Vienna Woods" but not necessarily the simple expressivity of her "Berceuse" and "Parla" waltz, not to mention the finely traced line of the "Rusalka" air (sung in Czech) or the "Boccaccio" excerpt. She is also adept in the very different requirements of the Saint-Saëns and Verdi. Gaebel's sympathetic orchestral direction and the excellent stereo are equally congruent parts of the whole.
Chopin: Scherzos in B minor, E flat minor, C sharp minor, and E major. Ann Schein, piano. Kapp LP 9040, $4.98.	Young Miss Schein (an eighteen-year-old product of the Glenn Dillard Gunns of Washington, and Mieczylaw Munz and the Peabody Conservatory of Baltimore) is not merely in sure command of the technical detail in each of these, but also shows a superior degree of understanding of their moods and sentiments. What is as yet lacking for a full realization of the four scherzi is more tonal weight, and a grasp of structure to mold details into dimensions.
Liszt: "Harmonies du soir," "Feux follets," "Valses oubliées" Nos. 1 and 2, Schubert: Moment Musical Op. 94, No. 1, Impromptus Op. 90, Nos. 2 and 4. Sviatoslav Richter, piano. Columbia ML 5396, $4.98.	The mere fact that Richter has not previously been heard as an interpreter of Liszt should not prejudice the listener against him. These performances suggest that he belongs to that cherishable, numerically small group of Liszt interpreters who can take the technical requirements of such a piece as "Feux follets" in stride and go on to a full realization of its imagery. He is also sensitive to the Scriabinish implications of the first "Valse oubliée" to which he gives eloquent statement. The piano sound is better than most previous Richter recordings, the tape deriving from a Bulgarian broadcast of last February.
Mahler: "Das klagende Lied." Fritz Mahler conducting the Hartford Symphony and Chorale, with Margaret Hoswell, soprano, Lili Chookasian, contralto, and Rudolf Petrak, tenor. Vanguard VSD 2044, $5.95.	Those unacquainted with the previous recording on Lyrichord (Z. Fekete conducting) should be advised that this score ranks among the most successful of Mahler's works, sharing, with his many fine songs and "Das Lied von der Erde," the composer's resourceful way of dealing with a text. Fritz Mahler projects, from his knowledge of the idiom and this work in particular, a strong sense of meaning and style, though his orchestra is of limited tonal distinction and Miss Chookasian's mezzo is sometimes hollow-sounding. Miss Hoswell and tenor Petrak acquit themselves well, and the recording, in spite of evident hazards, is remarkably good.
Mozart: Sonatas in B flat (K.378), *E minor* (K.304), F (K.376), and G (K.301). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and Clara Haskil, piano. Epic BC 1034, $5.98.	*Whether they are dealing with the greater or lesser Mozart (and there are both kinds in this* selection of sonatas), Grumiaux and Haskil meet every requirement of enduring excellence in interpretation—faultless taste, consummate technic, and complete community of viewpoint. Theirs is a partnership which merits comparison with any great ones known to recorded history—Kreisler-Rachmaninoff, Busch-Serkin, Goldberg-Kraus, etc. The sound is worthy of such esteem.
Nordoff: "There Shall Be More Joy," Rachmaninoff: "To the Children," Naginski: "The Pasture," Sargent: "Hickory Hill," Homer: "Sing to Me," Youmans: "Through the Years," Charles: "Let My Song Fill Your Heart," "When I Have Sung My Songs," other songs and ballads. Eileen Farrell, soprano, with George Trovillo, piano. Angel 35608, $4.98.	Were one to be exposed to this disc unaware of the singer's identity, it is hardly likely it would be associated with Farrell, so successful is she in modulating the power of her superb instrument, in pinpointing word and note with a focus of tone unbelievably pure and well-controlled. There may be some raised eyebrows at Miss Farrell's choice of Youmans's "Through the Years" or Gershwin's "Summertime" (I prefer them to the saccharine lilts of Charles or Homer), but she sings every note of every song with equal care and a devotion that could hardly be surpassed. The Nordoff and Naginski are so well articulated that a text is superfluous (a condition that prevails throughout) while her singing of "Danny Boy," "Down by the Sally Gardens," and "The Leprechaun" reminds us that her name, after all, is Farrell. I haven't heard such heartfelt simplicity and power of expression since the late Ferrier. Trovillo is first class, the recording *in toto* something to treasure.
Puccini: "La Bohème." Felicie Hüni-Mihacsek, Helge Roswaenge, etc. Eterna 730, $5.95.	Though not identified as such, this is a derivative of the Polydor issue on five 78s, conducted by Hermann Weigert, which appeared in Germany during the mid-Thirties, when both Hüni-Mihacsek and Roswaenge were at their best. This doesn't necessarily mean that one complemented the other, for she was the mistress of deft and delicate vocal work à la Bori or Novotna, he the servant of a bright bawling tenor voice whose dramatic character was always Roswaenge and nothing else. Through the contrast of sounds when they are performing together in sometimes laugh-provoking (the use of a German text makes for its own share of mirth, as in "Wie eiskalt ist dein Handchen"), there is much of interest in the abbreviated text employed. The orchestra is large, the sound fairly good.
Sarti: "Lungi dal caro bene," Buononcini: "Pupille nere," Scarlatti: "Chi vuole innamorarsi," Legrenzi: "Che fiero costume," and eight other selections. Ezio Pinza, bass, with Fritz Kitzinger, piano. Camden CAL 539, $1.98.	With or without the inducement of a bargain price, this collection should have a powerful appeal for those who weren't buying records when its prototype (M 766) appeared in 1941. There are moments when the Pinza control deviates from the finesse desirable, but it is invariably a beautiful vocal sound, eloquently employed. Also included are "Caro mio ben" (Giordano), "O bellissimi capelli" (Falconieri), "Tu lo sai" (Torelli), "Nel cor piu non mi sento" (Paisiello), "Oblivion soave" (Monteverdi), "Donzelle fuggite" (Cavalli), "Lasciatemi morire" (Monteverdi), and "Alma mia" (Handel). The source material has been artfully processed into an LP of surprisingly good sound.
Ravel: Introduction and Allegro, Debussy: "Danses Sacrée et Profane," Grandjany: "The Children's Hour," "Rapsodie pour la Harpe," Roger-Ducasse: "Barcarolle." Marcel Grandjany, harp, with the Hollywood String Quartet and the Concert Arts String Orchestra. Capitol SP 8492, $5.98.	The presentation of this offering, which shows a picture of Grandjany on the cover, tells its own story. The implied singularity is suitable enough for side two, in which Grandjany plays his own fanciful pieces and Roger-Ducasse's "Barcarolle" with the artistry to be expected of him, but not for the works of Ravel and Debussy. Both in the performances themselves and the way they have been microphoned there is too much a sense of soloist and "background" for proper justice to the composer's purpose. The van Beinum-Berghout treatment on London 1552 remains a model of how these works should sound.
Ravel: Quartet, Debussy: Quartet. Paganini Quartet. Kapp LP 9038, $4.98.	In the stereo treatment, the sound is so "separated" as to suggest a separate microphone for each performer. This doubtless contributes to clarity, but is somewhat detrimental to atmosphere, of which the performances do not have too much at best. Precision and efficiency, rather than impulse or poetry, dominate both performances. —I. K.

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Irish Writers and Readers

By JOHN CIARDI

YEATS and the Irish movement figure prominently in recent releases by Spoken Arts, and certainly the treasure of the list is the reading by himself that leads off "The Poems of William Butler Yeats," read by Yeats, Siobhan McKenna, and Michael MacLiammor (Spoken Arts 753, $5.95). Yeats prefaces his reading with some remarks on the way poetry should be read. It took him, as he says, "a divil of a lot of trouble" to make the poem and he won't have it read as if it were prose. He then proceeds to read with a markedly singsong effect designed to emphasize the meter. Unfortunately, the Yeats reading runs only about twenty minutes and with about forty minutes to go Spoken Arts has had to fill in with readings by other voices. Siobhan McKenna's is the first, and my strongest feeling when the voice passed to her was that she simply had not been listening to what the man said, her reading being dramatic rather than metrical. I remained somewhat uncertain of my impression in that Miss McKenna reads so briefly on this particular recording, the voice passing again to Michael MacLiammor, who does very well by the poems. A subsequent listening to "Reading Irish Poetry" by Miss McKenna (Spoken Arts 707, $5.95) served to make my first impression definite. The first side consists of a selection of Yeats poems and I can only conclude that Miss McKenna, skilled as she is at dramatic projection, does not understand such metric notation as the spondee and the monosyllabic foot. She does well enough by the earlier singsong poems, as she does by the Irish folk pieces on the other side of this recording, but the quantities and emphases required by such later poems as "The Wild Swans at Coole" are beyond her.

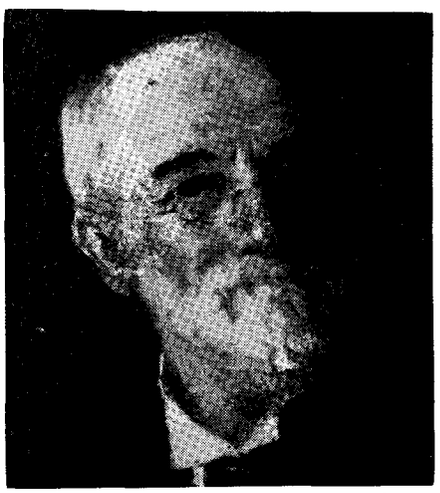
Yeats is featured again in "Lennox Robinson Presents William Butler Yeats, Poems and Memories" (Spoken Arts 751, $5.95) and "Plays and Memories" (Spoken Arts 752, $5.95). Robinson was long and intimately associated with Yeats at the Abbey Theatre and scholars of Yeats will no doubt be happy to have these memories and excerpts, but aside from the interest-by-association I find it hard to stay interested in Robinson's quavery little chipmunk voice, even to the point of wishing he had written it down and let me come at it in print. The Robinson releases bring to mind two earlier releases by Frank O'Connor, "Irish Tradition" (Folkways FL 9825, $5.95) and "James Joyce" (Folkways FL 9834, $5.95), which also present readings and memories of the Irish literary scene but with the difference that O'Connor's voice manages to come through with the force of a personality and a winning one, at the same time that he has many wise and deeply felt things to say.

It seems well, too, to mention here "Riders to the Sea" and "In the Shadow of the Glen" by John Millington Synge (Spoken Arts 743, $5.95). The two one-act plays are excellently presented by Radio Eireann Productions. My one wish is that they had shown a better sense of radio in indicating the entrance of the silent women in "Riders." Radio can hardly be called upon to make silent women evident, and certainly it would have been well to make their entrance clear even at the cost of adding a line to the original script. I wish the album had listed the names of the players. They are announced orally before each of the plays, but Irish names being what they are, I haven't a dream of converting the sounds to a reliable spelling.

The new Joyce releases are all from Caedmon, handsomely done and presented in handsome albums. "Finnegans Wake" (Caedmon TC 1086, $5.95) features Cyril Cusack in a superb reading of "Shem the Penman" and Siobhan McKenna in an excellent reading of "Anna Livia Plurabelle." My only reservation concerning Miss McKenna's reading is that it seems a mistake, considering how little good Joyce is available on record, to read the one passage readily available as read by Joyce himself. Aside from the value of hearing the author's own voice, that recording certainly establishes Joyce as a master reader. I don't see how anyone can hope to read that passage as well, ever. True, one has to invest in four sides of "Meeting of the James Joyce Society" (Folkways FL 9594) to get not much more than ten minutes of Joyce, and true again that the rest of the album is rather dreadful stuff. Yet I cannot avoid the feeling that, with so much to choose from, even that much duplication is a pity.

But let that be all of my carping at Miss McKenna. She returns on "Ulysses" (Caedmon TC 1063, $5.95) and turns in a stunning performance on Molly Bloom's soliloquy, a performance happily matched by E. G. Marshall reading Leopold Bloom's soliloquy. And Cyril Cusack returns on "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" (Caedmon, TC 1110, $5.95) to turn in two great sides. I had to report some disappointment in my sense of Mr. Cusack's reading of the poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins (*SR* May 30, 1959). I am that much happier to report my whole enthusiasm for these present readings. Caedmon, as a pleasant innovation, includes two copies of the "Finnegans Wake" text to permit two at once to read as they listen. A happy thought. I am sorry that the other two Joyce releases included no text at all.

Since all this is on the subject of Irish literature, let me tack on an uncertain note about "The Bernard Shaw-Ellen Terry Letters" as read by Dame Peggy Ashcroft and Cyril Cusack (Caedmon TC 1108, $5.95). Turn any two such readers loose and anyone may reasonably expect an accomplished performance, but the extracts from the letters seem too fragmentary a vehicle for truly powerful effect. I tend to refer the recording to teachers of speech as evidence of what two virtuosi can do with very limited material.



—Photo by Avery Willard.

W. B. Yeats and Siobhan McKenna

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An Arena for Folk Music

By FREDERIC RAMSEY, JR.

THE folk festival which drew some 5,000 people, more than fifty performers, perhaps six agents, eight record company executives, a fistful of impresarios, and a handful of reporters to Newport, Rhode Island this last summer gathered, for the first time, a sufficiently representative group to enable those present to take stock of what folk music had to offer. There were those among the audience whose memory could span the necessary time to recall that it was just this that John Hammond's "Spirituals to Swing" concert had achieved for jazz in December, 1938.

The results of Hammond's concert were far-reaching—it may be said to have been the parent which begot a series of begats, extending all the way through Jazz at the Philharmonic, Dizzy Gillespie, Dave Brubeck, and Louis Armstrong abroad, to Newport (jazz *and* folk) itself.

Now it has become apparent that the Newport Festival, like the grandparent which preceded it, will not only succeed itself, but will be followed by other folk concerts and tours of folk artists throughout the country. It has also become apparent that concert activities will be reflected in a proliferation of recordings that will help to familiarize audiences with the joys, real or imagined, of folk music. In passing, it may be worth noting that Hammond's 1939 (second) "Spirituals to Swing" concert is to be issued as an LP at any moment now; and that its companion on the Vanguard list will be a stereo (monaural optional) package edited from tapes taken at the 1959 Newport Folk Festival. This same year will thereby provide an opportunity for a rehearing—or, for those who did not attend, a first hearing—of two concerts, twenty years apart, that introduced new perspectives of both folk and jazz music.

What is there about folk music, live or on record, that appeals? What do listeners expect to get back from folk music? What does a festival-goer demand for his money, and why is he willing to pay it?

The answers would seem to come from sources as varied as those who make up a folk audience, and those who perform for it. Admittedly, the first has little to do with music, or with records. Yet it must be introduced here, for it has everything to do with the atmosphere of the folk arena. Of wide appeal to younger phalanges of the big audience for folk music is the experience of participation.

With jazz, manifestations of the desire for participation came out through dance, personified by the jitterbug; and individuals talked of being "sent" by a performance or performer. Folk music offers a more direct outlet for pent emotion; listeners, no matter how weak or unsure their voices may be, can join in chorus when coaxed by the man on stage.

AT Newport, responses came back at singers who invited such participation in mighty waves that nearly—but not quite—drowned out dominance of the mighty p.a. system. There may be more to this than meets the eye or ear—obviously, all of the complex sociological factors cannot be examined here. Yet in certain cultures, the phenomenon of "possession" seems to speak clearly of a need for losing one's self in a communal expression of being "sent." The deeply experienced emotion is described as religious, although it may also represent a channeling of other emotions and frustrations into a permissible religious outlet.

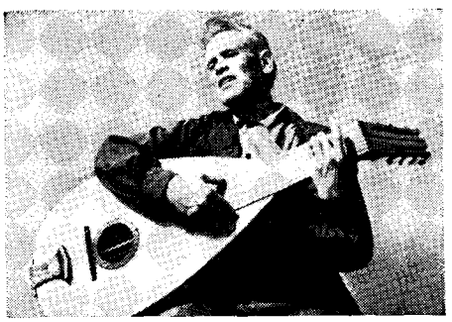
At any rate, we have only to turn to the past history of some American religious movements to unearth a precedent, even in our culture. A description from 1796, by Lorenzo Dow, of an evangelical religious meeting:

> Mitchell began to exhort, when there commenced a trembling among the wicked; one, and a second, and a third, fell from their seats; and the cry for mercy became general; and many of the backslidden professors were cut to the quick; and I think for eleven hours there was no cessation of the loud cries. . . . In this love feast the cry began again and continued till within two hours of sun-setting.

Perhaps it is not surprising that many young Americans should seek, among other outlets known to them, such as cheer leading and team rallying at athletic events, a music which allows them to share, and to emote. All the more so since many of those present were of a group that scorns either the religious or athletic outbursts of previous generations—there were beards, shoulder-slung guitars, free-wheeling chicks, and no haircuts galore at Newport.

Paradoxically enough, the two performers who elicited the highest participation were quiet-spoken family men; one a folklorist and folk singer, the other a song collector and YMCA administrator—Pete Seeger and Frank Warner. And while Seeger has been for years a fiery evangelist of folk song and sometime champion of liberal causes, there would seem to be little, on the evidence of his recordings (three recent titles: "Gazette," "Sleep Time Songs and Stories," "American Play Parties," Folkways FN 2501, FC 7525, FC 7604, all $5.95) that would qualify him for the role of Pied Piper to the beat generation.

The answer to this poser seems to come more from the needs of the audience—it seems likely that if the ghosts



John Jacob Niles—"both mime and song."

of Warren G. Harding or Calvin Coolidge had got up on the platform and asked the youngsters to sing along with them they would have complied. The musicality of what was being done, to that part of the audience, seems to have been far less meaningful than the already fused emotional states which they themselves supplied. The recordings will not reveal any part of this to the home listener, although it may be possible to register that many young persons were present, and that they sang with abandon.

This off-the-record aspect of the appeal of the folk concert to big audiences was complemented by other factors which do come under more familiar heads of musical and performance standards. Among them was the appeal of seemingly new and rich and varied sounds of unfamiliar instrumental combinations; of seemingly different melodic structures; of virtuoso handlings of instruments rarely heard. Exotica of this sort, and of vocal stylings, abound at folk festivals, and in many recordings. And although the novelty can wear thin after repeated hearings, no one can deny that there is always a

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first time, and that this instant of discovery can send chills down the spine.

At Newport, for example, there was the first moment, for many, of hearing Earl Scruggs's excitingly different banjo technique (a reprise is available on Columbia LPs); the first of hearing Jimmie Driftwood playing a mouth bow (RCA Victor LPM 1635 and 1994, $3.98); of hearing a gospel group, usually heard only in Negro churches, and not likely to have been heard by the Newport audience (Professor Alex Bradford, recordings available on Specialty and Apollo labels); the first of hearing "Mountain Music, Blue Grass Style" (title of a new Folkways release, FA 2318, $5.95; also, New Lost City Ramblers, on Folkways FA 2396, $5.95); the first opportunity to hear the weird harmonica wailing and equally curdling vocal skirling of Sonny Terry (represented, on LP, by "On the Road," Folkways FA 2369, $5.95).

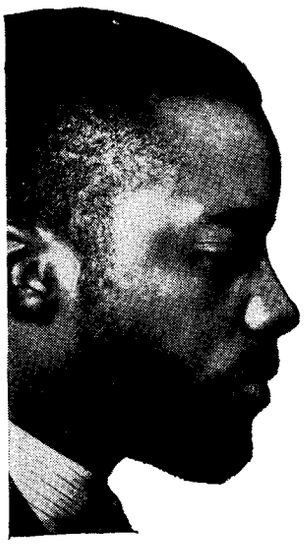
For a good many years in this country, it has been assumed by many that the sweetest meat of the folk song was to be extracted from a literary appreciation of its story and poetry. At least two decades of college students and professors of English literature have wooed and been wooed with the song-story and the ballad. So much so, that many assumed that the only folk expressions of major interest were confined to ballads. It was also held that their literary content was of such significance as to rule out any musical pleasures. "Anglo-American Folksong Scholarship Since 1898" (Rutgers University Press, $7.50), by D. K. Wilgus, carries a running account of controversies that have raged in this territory. Entirely unruffled by such currents and crosscurrents of pedantry was Cynthia Gooding, whose "The Languages of Love" (Riverside RLP 827, $5.95) speaks well, and by no means fustily, for the tradition. Truly superb examples of ballad singing were rendered by Paddy Clancy, of the Clancy Brothers, and Tom Makem ("The Rising of the Moon," "Irish Songs of Rebellion," and "Come Fill Your Glass with Us," Tradition Records).

The personality of the folk performer is a spicy ingredient in the complex of factors that go to make up the excitement of listening to his music, either at festival or at home. Perhaps the festival has the edge here—but a truly integrated performing personality projects well on records, too, and this also provides the listener with a way to assess the lasting validity of an impression.

Perhaps it is worth noting that in ticking off those elements of the folk performance that may appeal to the listener, we are going up a sort of ladder, and as we get to higher rungs, the ladder spreads a bit—precisely the opposite of what happens on a real ladder, which widens at the bottom, pinches in at the top. By "spread," we mean that our later rungs might include some artists mentioned at earlier stops —*e.g.*, Seeger, Driftwood, Gooding—since their control of abilities takes in several varieties of presentation, or pitch to the crowd.

By the appeal of a personality, we mean all those things, beside the music itself, that go into making a folk performance a convincing even theatrical entity. Perhaps the most significant aspect of projection witnessed at the festival was the lack of "period" costume. Only two groups and one act, a pair of singers, appeared in costume, and the conclusion to be drawn from this was that costume can expose a pathetic attempt to cover a variety of performance defects.

The emphasis, with those performers who no longer had to think consciously about personality projection, was, as it had been in the much earlier "Spirituals to Swing" concert, on artistic ability,



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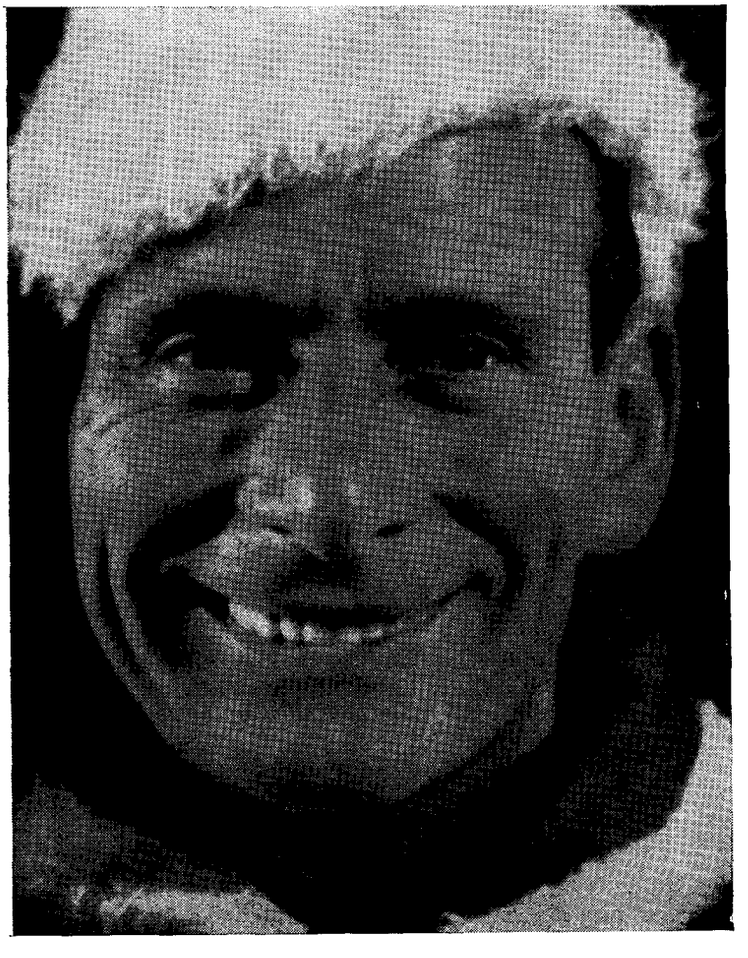

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rather than on cross-strappings and buskin. Pete Seeger appeared in a blue sack jacket with light trousers; Memphis Slim, in plain black, gave driving, rhythmic boogie-woogie piano performances; John Jacob Niles was dressed as for an evening of Chautauqua, in neatly creased trousers and white shirt, impeccably but not theatrically a person like anyone else in the audience.

Odetta walked on to the stage as she had been seen walking through the streets of town—in plain black, a woolen skirt and short-sleeved blouse. She announced each song with an artful simplicity that left room for the intensely dramatic effects which she achieved with small, controlled gestures and a magniloquently vibrant voice.

GOOD examples of "personalities" that project well on recordings, culled from amongst recent releases, are: Odetta's "My Eyes Have Seen . . ." (Vanguard VRS 9059, $5.95); John Jacob Niles's "I Wonder As I Wander" (Tradition TDP 1023, $4.98); Jean Ritchie's "Folk Tales and Songs" (Tradition TLP 1011, $4.98); Martha Schlamme's "Jewish Folk Songs" (two vols., of which Two is Vanguard VRS 9049, $5.95).

The projection of personality leads to dramatic methods employed. For above and beyond the personality of the performer, there is always, right behind him as it were, the personality of the original singer, or group of singers, of the song itself. The good performer has to know how to blend two powerful forces—his own person, and that of the song's creator—and come up with shadings of each that do not clash, or seem phony.

This presented no problem at all for persons like Sonny Terry or Jean Ritchie or Brownie McGhee who are, simply, what they are—singers of folk song, interpreting music they knew as children and have been growing up with ever since. This was, however, the area in which some of the performers, like Billy Faier and Frank Hamilton, who had learned their songs away from home and had not yet acquired enough experience to probe feelings of the creators, showed the least competence.

It took a veteran to bring off a performance that manifested the highest sophistication of any. John Jacob Niles has not only lived among folk singers all his life, he is one of them. He is also a trained musician, and is not unfamiliar with techniques of the art song and concert stage.

When Niles sang "The Hangman and the Maid," he acted every nuance of it—with intonations of his unusual male alto voice, with stylized gestures and calculated movement. It was both mime and song. To some, it may have seemed overly performed and overly dramatic. Yet the feeling of the noose, and of imminent death, were there. When Niles's voice choked up with it, and his hand went to his throat, nearly every one present felt an uncomfortable tightening about the neck. This was another kind of participation—and I shall leave the reader to determine which he prefers.

All this—festivals and recordings—is a long cry from the days when folk music, if heard on stage, had to be presented as part of a minstrel show or vaudeville turn, or as "background" or "mood" music to establish a locale for dramatic movement. It is also a long cry from the days when a folk performer like Leadbelly had to be towed from one college to the next to entertain small campus audiences. That which no one performer could achieve by himself—an arena for his voice—has been established by many. The future of this stage depends on their determination to keep it alive—with experiment, with fresh song, and an even wider range of new talent.

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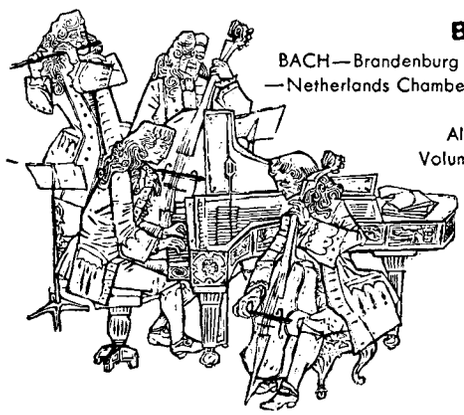

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THE OTHER SIDE

Farewell, Hoffnung; Complete "Peter Grimes"

LONDON

IN ONE respect, alas, the coming month will prove less festive than many had hoped: the promised two-night stand at the Festival Hall of the "Hoffnung Vintage Musical Festival" has had to be abandoned following the sudden death, at the age of only thirty-four, of the maestro himself, Gerard Hoffnung. Genuine eccentrics are rare enough nowadays and, despite the more serious side to his character (which led him to join the Quakers, to become a prison visitor, and to lend active support to the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament), Hoffnung was a born eccentric whose quaint drawings and bizarre musical activities endeared him to countless music-lovers and, in the space of only a few years, almost turned this German-born artist into one of Britain's national institutions. He will be greatly missed, not least as a corrective influence in an age when so many are inclined to take their musical pleasures far too solemnly.

Thanks to the amenities of high-speed air travel, leading American orchestras visit London with increasing frequency, and in October it was the turn of the New York Philharmonic to "drop in" at the Festival Hall on its way home from a highly successful tour of Russia and the Near East. Undoubtedly it is the characteristic technical brilliance and tonal exuberance of most American orchestras which make these concerts so attractive to our audiences, for musical values are apt to take a back seat on such occasions. In the latter respect, this latest display of transatlantic prowess had all the marks of artistic schizophrenia, with Dr. Jekyll presiding over a first half of rare interest and considerable musical enchantment, and Mr. Hyde responsible for a second half which, frankly, was as vulgar an exhibition of emotional rabble-rousing as I have yet witnessed. How Leonard Bernstein could emerge after the intermission to conduct Brahms First Symphony as though it had been composed by Peter Ilyich in one of his less balanced periods is, to me, past comprehension – especially since he opened impressively with Barber's Second Essay, then put us in his debt by letting us hear Charles Ives's "The Unanswered Question," after which strange and haunting interlude he filled the dual role of soloist and conductor in a throughly beguiling and beautifully integrated performance of Mozart's G major Piano Concerto.

Could it be that the first half was aimed at the critics, the second at the gallery? I can hardly believe it from a musician of such genuine gifts, yet the constant exaggeration of dynamic and tempo changes, the sentimentality and false rhetoric, not to mention the excessive gesticulations (even to becoming "airborne" on several occasions), made this a Brahms to bring blushes to one's cheeks and, as might have been predicted, the gallery responded by cheering it to the echo. They were rewarded, by way of encore, with "Carnaval Romain"—a performance of great surface brilliance with dazzling contributions from brass and percussion sections. One came away full of admiration for the players and grateful to Mr. Bernstein for half a fine concert.

Turning to technical accomplishments of a rather different kind, news has recently come from Vienna that the coveted Nicolai Medal—usually presented to musicians, mainly conductors, in recognition of outstanding achievements—has just been awarded to Decca's recording team, led by John Culshaw, for "Rheingold" and Acts I and III of "Walküre," which they recorded in Vienna. Just how richly they deserve to be thus honored is shown this month by another operatic triumph on a par with their "Rheingold": Britten's "Peter Grimes," brought complete into the recorded repertoire for the first time,

Hoffnung: self-portrait from program of the "Hoffnung Interplanetary Festival."

and directed by the composer. After fourteen years "Grimes" is still generally regarded as Britten's finest opera, and those of us who have waited impatiently for one of the record companies to take note of this fact now have every reason to feel that Decca's recording was indeed well worth waiting for!

Of the original 1945 Sadler's Wells cast, only two singers are to be heard in the parts which they created: Owen Brannigan as Swallow and, of course, Peter Pears in the title role. Pears scarcely suggests the rough-hewn East Anglian fisherman of Crabbe's original poem, but his wonderfully subtle and deeply musical performance perfectly realizes the very different character—a misfit who is half dreamer and half sullen brute—drawn by Britten and his librettist, Montague Slater. Two Americans, Claire Watson and James Pease, were brought into the cast for the important parts of Ellen Orford and Captain Balstrode—partly, I suspect, to give the company a certain international flavor; both are accomplished artists, though Miss Watson lacks the warmth with which Joan Cross and Sylvia Fisher invested the schoolmistress who befriends the lonely Peter, while Pease sounds a trifle monotonous as the sympathetic old sea-dog. Among the rest, Geraint Evans is particularly effective as Ned Keene and Jean Watson must be adjudged a good "Auntie" (the landlady of "The Boar," a hostelry whose main attractions are her two "Nieces") even if she is unable to obliterate our memories of the colorful Edith Coates, for whom Britten wrote the part.

Decca's low-priced reissues certainly appear to be meeting with an enthusiastic response, to judge from the way in which the lists are growing in size. This month we have not only far more additions to the series than ever before but among them the first complete opera: Tebaldi's earlier recording of "Madama Butterfly," to be followed, no doubt, by other sets from the early years of LP as these are replaced by stereo versions. RCA has brought back Toscanini's incomparable performance of "Falstaff"—unobtainable since it was lost to HMV—and the Camden series has been notably enriched by a wonderful collection of tenor arias, sung by Martinelli, and Rachmaninoff's fascinating readings of Schumann's "Carnaval" and Chopin's B flat minor Sonata.

DGG has decided to deviate slightly from the time-honored release system under which details of forthcoming issues are guarded like military secrets until the last possible moment. Records in the DGG and Archive series will still appear in monthly installments (and, let it be said, no company operating

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here is more punctual in this respect), but the printed supplements are to be published quarterly, in advance. This strikes one as an admirable idea—though it might not be applicable in the popular field, while some of DGG's rivals already find a monthly schedule difficult to keep in order.

Other stereo issues available this month include Haydn's "St. Cecilia" Mass conducted by Jochum, Strauss's "Ein Heldenleben" (marking Karajan's debut on DGG), Brahms's Third Symphony (Maazel), and a collection of Mozart concert arias sung by Rita Streich (with our own Charles Mackerras conducting the Bavarian Radio Orchestra). Almost the entire Archive

stereo supplement is devoted to music by Bach, with two discs of Motets sung by the choir of St. Thomas, Leipzig, under Kurt Thomas, and important contributions from Ralph Kirkpatrick: the Goldberg Variations, the Six Partitas and, with the Lucerne Festival Strings, the Clavier Concertos in D minor and E major.

EMI's stereo program remains badly in arrears—we are still awaiting some of their July issues, though Callas's "Medea" and the Klemperer Ninth Symphony are at last available—so that only the mono lists can be considered for the present. Even these contain only one major undertaking, Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," conducted by Karajan: a performance which will be welcomed when available in stereo but which, despite superior soloists and modern sound, is scarcely comparable as a mono issue with earlier rival versions by Toscanini or Klemperer.

HMV features Hephzibah Menuhin in a series of diverse undertakings: as her brother's partner in Beethoven's "Spring" and "Kreutzer" Sonatas, joining members of the Amadeus Quartet and J. Edward Merrett in a pleasant performance of Schubert's "Trout" Quintet, and as one of two duo-pianists (the other being Abbey Simon) in Saint-Saëns's "Carnival of the Animals" with Efrem Kurtz and the Philharmonia. The last of these is coupled with that perennial children's favorite, Prokofiev's "Peter and the Wolf," in which the narrator (who has also revised the text to bring it closer to the Russian original) is none other than Michael Flanders, who is as much at home among Prokofiev's fauna as with his own gnus or hippopotami.

—Thomas Heinitz.

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POPOVERS: Favorite works by Debussy, Sibelius, Rachmaninoff, Shostakovich, Liszt, and others. Eastman-Rochester "Pops," Fennell. SR 90222

BEETHOVEN Symphony No. 1 in C major; Symphony No. 2 in D major. Detroit Symphony, Paray. SR 90205

TCHAIKOVSKY Serenade for String Orchestra; ARENSKY Variations on a theme by Tchaikovsky. Philharmonia Hungarica, Dorati. SR 90200

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA: Marches from eight countries. Eastman Wind Ensemble, Fennell. SR 90207

PISTON The Incredible Flutist; MOORE Pageant of P. T. Barnum. Eastman-Rochester Orchestra, Hanson. SR 90206

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A Mass and Two Passions

EUGEN JOCHUM's performance of Bach's B minor Mass, now available on stereo (Epic BSC 102, $17.98), is not at all bad. If Jochum, in common with every other conductor of the work known to me, fails to convey a sustained impetus from beginning to end, the fault may well be Bach's. The Mass text offers little unity or continuity of its own, and Bach sets it neither with the concision and the unifying devices of his Renaissance predecessors, nor, of course, with the organic, symphonic coherence of Beethoven, the only other composer ever to write a Mass setting of such dimensions. I keep hoping that some day the conductor will appear whose grasp and control will be such that for the first time the B minor Mass will sound like one composition rather than a handsome collection of choruses and solos, including, to be sure, about a dozen of Bach's greatest.

The chorus of the Bavarian Radio sings beautifully, and it is their work, both in the contemplative moments and in the brilliant, that gives the recording its best moments. The conductor's *rapport* with his soloists seems less complete, and their work is often lifeless. Furthermore, Lois Marshall's voice is unpleasantly hard and shrill, while Hertha Töpper has a tremolo that quite disqualifies her from this sort of work. Peter Pears sings well, though one would not infer from this recording that he is the great artist we know him to be, and, on the whole, it is the two basses, Kim Borg ("Quoniam") and Hans Braun ("Et in spiritum"), who make the best impression. The Bavarian Radio Orchestra plays well: its trumpets are notably brilliant, but some of the instrumental obbligatos are not attractively played.

Jochum presents us with two textual curiosities. He uses the original version of the duet, "Et in unum Dominum," which includes the "Et incarnatus est" clause. The advantage is that this makes Bach's illustration of the words "descendit de coelis" fall into place better, but there is the drawback that the important clause about the incarnation appears in two different musical settings, the first of which seems startlingly casual. Jochum also uses the flute as obbligato for the "Benedictus." Bach left the instrument unspecified in his manuscript, and the violin which we usually hear is the suggestion of the Bachgesellschaft editor. Tovey, among others, long ago suggested that the flute was more appropriate, and this is also the opinion of the editor of the new complete Bach edition.

For an example of unity perfectly achieved, and in a work much longer than the Mass, listen to the St. Matthew Passion. Two new recordings of this gigantic and great work have arrived, the first of several promised for the coming winter. One is a Deutsche Grammophon Archive release (monaural ARC 3125/8, $23.92, stereo ARC 73125/8, $27.92) in which Karl Richter conducts the Munich Bach Choir and Orchestra, the other a Vanguard Bach Guild album (monaural BG 594/7, $19.92, stereo BGS 5022/5, $23.80) with Mogens Wöldike conducting the Vienna Chamber Chorus and State Opera Orchestra.

Wöldike's performance does not quite work. It has striking assets in its alto soloist, Hilde Rössl-Majdan, and in Anton Heiller's organ playing, and Walter Berry, who sings the bass arias and a couple of the minor roles, is excellent. On the other hand, it has in Uno Ebrelius an Evangelist whose approach seems downright lackadaisical, and who tires and begins to sing a little flat before his task is done. The tenor for the arias, Waldemar Kmentt, is, without being actually bad, not really adequate vocally and artistically. Hans Braun is acceptable as Jesus. The soprano soloist is Teresa Stich-Randall, a tragically misguided artist whose mannerisms make a mockery of her beautiful voice and genuine musicality.

Wöldike's over-all approach is undramatic. I am not much in sympathy with this view of the work, but I am left particularly unpersuaded by Wöldike's statement of the case for a placid Passion. The performers are sometimes out of step with one another, and the rhythm is often slovenly. The most consistently destructive feature is the habit of ending every piece with a ritard so conclusive that there hardly seems any need to continue with the performance.

Richter's approach, too, is undramatic, but the execution is so much better as to make an enormous difference. Richter makes none of Wöldike's miscalculations about the large structure of the work, though he, too, has lapses: for instance, "Erbarme dich" goes sadly slack in his hands. There are also some marvellously achieved moments, such as the daringly slow "Wahrlich, dieser ist Gottes Sohn gewesen," and in the tenor recitative "O Schmerz!," the subtle shifts of tempo from the solo passages to the chorale phrases bespeak an insight akin to genius. The orchestras play well on both recordings, but the Viennese chorus is thin, toneless, insecure beside the excellent Munich group.

Richter's Evangelist is Ernst Häfliger. If he does not yet belong in the company of the great Evangelists (Cuénod, Erb, Patzak, and Pears), only a few years should put him there. So far he offers few moments of extraordinary revelation—one thinks of Erb in "Und beugeten die Knie vor ihm" or Pears in "und weinete bitterlich" — but he is unfailingly sensitive and intelligent, and the singing as such is ravishing. On these records he also sings the arias, and does them beautifully. Keith Engen sings Jesus, and I would call his performance very good, even though I prefer a less grandiose approach to the role. The bass arias are sung by Fischer-Dieskau, who does what I believe to be his most beautiful singing on records thus far. The alto is Hertha Töpper, less distractingly wobbly than in the B minor Mass, but not always a pleasure either. The soprano is Irmgard Seefried, whom I find even harder to bear than Stich-Randall: she is always flat (not very, but no less painfully for that) and Bach's complex across-the-beat phrasings mostly seem to elude her.

I cannot fairly compare the recordings from a technical point of view (stereo vs mono) but I can report that both had excellent sound, transparent and beautiful. As a performance, Richter's is far more successful than Wöldike's. It is, indeed, by any standard very good, without being the last word on the St. Matthew Passion. There is still much to be said for the Scherchen album (Westminster 4402), in spite of the fact that he too has an annoying soprano and supplies quite a few eccentricities of his own. And no records have come as close to the core of Bach's intentions, in so far as I can profess to understand them, as did the wartime HMV recording by Gunter Ramin with Erb, Hüsch, and Lemnitz, sloppy as it often was, and with all its cuts. Richter gives as much clarity, care, and stylistic integrity as one would dare ask for, but I am now looking for the conductor who can add to these qualities the heart and blood of this great drama.

—MICHAEL STEINBERG

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Cross Section of Venice

MARIO LABROCA is one of those rare phenomena: a composer who can be objective about, and tolerant of, the many facets of contemporary, creative musical life which today are assaulting listeners, however few, in the different countries of the West. As Organizzatore for the Venice Biennale of this year's Twenty-Second International Festival of Contemporary Music, Maestro Labroca has exhibited the composing wares of nineteen Italians, eight Americans (four of these, Martinu, Nabokov, Rieti, and Stravinsky are American by naturalization), seven Germans and Austrians (including, inevitably, Berg and Webern), four Frenchmen, two Englishmen, two Swiss, and one each from Argentina, Poland, Hungary, and Russia. In exposing the sophisticated audiences assembled nightly at Teatro La Fenice fifteen times to not only a vast number of works (fifty-three) but a vast number of styles (from Barber and Ginastera, Rieti, Rota, and Ghedini, to Seiber and Jolivet, Ives and Stravinsky, Nono, Maderna, and the pure, dull madness of the thirty-four-year-old Catanese, Aldo Clementi), Labroca has exhibited a sense of responsibility rare with Europe's festival managers. His attitude is also unusual: that middle-twentieth-century music is unruly, often bad-mannered, badly educated, stitched together out of the din of the electronic merchants, the mechanizations of most of the serial and mathematic boys, the pedantries of a von Einem (Ballad for Orchestra, Op. 23) or a Boulez ("Livre pour Quatour") the gross miscalculations of a Maurice Ohana (ballet suite, "Prométhée") or a Hans Erich Apostel (Piano Concerto); but a music also containing some bright and happy moments: the assured and talented calculations of dodecaphonists like the Englishman, Matyas Seiber (Three Pieces for Cello and Orchestra) or the young Italian, Nicolò Castiglioni (Impromptus 1-4 per Orchestra—short beautiful pieces in the Webern manner), the Stravinsky-inspired but nonetheless, musical work of a Haieff ("Epilogue for Harp and Strings") or a Testi (Concerto per violino, pianoforte e orchestra—a poetic, if somewhat discursive work), the heavy-textured, but vital and masculine sounds of a Jolivet (Sinfonie No. 1), the exhilarating jazz of a Bernstein ("Age of Anxiety"), the eclecticism of a Tansman or a Nabokov, the mastery of a Stravinsky,

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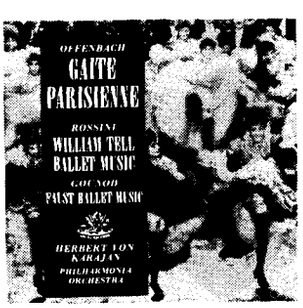

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Lotte Lenya, distinguished actress-*diseuse,* widow of Kurt Weill and his most telling interpreter, personally supervised this recording in Berlin. It contains orchestral arrangements of fourteen Kurt Weill songs, some never before heard in this country. Among the selections are Weill's highly original themes from **Mahagonny, Threepenny Opera, Berlin Requiem, Konjunktur.** Orchestrated and conducted by Peter Sandloff and his orchestra. **Angel S 35727**

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the moving and original, though slightly dilettantist, music of an Ives.

The piano-duo, Gold and Fizdale, in a program of Stravinsky, Rieti, and Poulenc reminded the Biennale audience that no one writing today has Igor Stravinsky's power, authenticity, and largeness of expression. Webern, with his Bagatelles, Op. 9 and Five Pieces, Op. 5, both for string quartet (beautifully played by France's Parrenin Quartet), in the company of the young French propagandist-composer, Pierre Boulez, likewise was again revealed as a unique and *authentic,* if not large-scaled, expression of a world tortured, neurotic, lacerated by anxieties ill-perceived. Boulez in this company seemed a pale voice, indeed, no matter how loud his admirers shouted.

Another idol of the avant-garde, Luigi Nono, in the company of his younger Milanese colleague, Nicolò Castiglioni (b. 1932), with his Composizione per Orchestra No. 2 ("Diario polacco '58") seemed to this writer, at least, to be similarly exposed as a noise maker of the most absurd pretensions. Castiglioni clearly is concerned with a communication that is delicate, sensitive, and above all, affirmative. Here is a selectivity that is principled, responsible. Large numbers of the Biennale audience—not just the composer's friends—responded warmly. The Nono piece, on the other hand, showed the Fenice audience who his, Nono's, friends were, but the rest of the audience treated his effort with a telling indifference.

But let us leave to a deserved oblivion the Nonos and the Clementis with their quite monstrous and destructive "Polish Diaries" and "Episodes for Orchestra." There were five or six scores that were highly competent, technically, and that had unembarrassed qualities of communication. And this communication was not purchased, either, with the easy coin of over-simplification (no Carl Orff here!): Matyas Seiber, using serial technique, is a man of exceptional skill and discipline. His Three Pieces for Cello and Orchestra, fantastically well played by the English cellist Amaryllis Fleming, had real cohesion, an architecture that required no lengthy analysis to convince the audience that these pieces "worked." Jolivet's Sinfonie No. 1 is a strong, athletic piece.

Martinu's Fantasia (Concerto) for Piano and Orchestra is not one of that late composer's most successful scores. The outside movements have a bit too much of what the late Olin Downes called Martinu's "bird-like flutterings" and the piano functions somewhere between that of the virtuoso, concerto role and that of a more modest obbligato part. Yet the simple, triadic, hymn-

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like slow movement is direct and poignant and may, perhaps, secure a place in the repertory for the Fantasia. Bruno Maderna's electronic ditty, "Continuo," had lots of dramatic excitement: water effects, sirens, just about everything. But it maintained dramatic interest, was the right length and, in short, seemed to give some evidence of selectivity. Rolf Liebermann's Capriccio for Orchestra, Soprano, and Violin is cut out of about the same cloth as his Concerto for Jazz Band and Orchestra.

It would be pleasant to report that the three short operas, "Allez-Hop" by Luciano Berio, "Diagramma Circolare" by Alberto Bruni-Tedeschi, and "Il Circo Max" by Gino Negri, all given first productions at the Festival, were successful, stunning achievements in the lyric theatre. They were not.

As a kind of antipasto to the sumptuous, if slightly acidic, entrée provided by the Biennale's twelve different concerts of contemporary fare, Maestro Labroca served up a beautifully flavored Feste Veneziane Sull' Acqua—Venetian Water Festival. Divided in three parts, and presented, as the Festival's third concert, on the waters of the small lagoon directly facing the Isola di San Giorgio, was heard ceremonial music of Andrea Gabrieli as accompaniment to a marvelous spectacle.

Equally revealing of the past was the early (1639) Cavalli opera, "Le Nozze di Teti e Peleo." It is irrelevant to comment on the absurdity of the Persiani plot, or, for that matter, the elegance of Cavalli's music, though this was a delightful surprise to this writer. What *is* relevant is the observation that the large invited audience on the isle of St. George had completely the illusion that it was witnessing an opera in the *settecento*, not the *venticento*. The totality of the spectacle was impressive, indeed.

The Festival, like this report, closed on a happy note: the concert of contemporary music (Barber, Ives, Bernstein, Shostakovich) by the New York Philharmonic. As the Venetian critic, Giuseppe Pugliese pointed out, the star of the evening was the Philharmonic. The audience gave an ovation to Conductor Bernstein, and while it would be false to suggest that the three American works which were performed convinced the international audience at La Fenice that our music was the greatest music of the future, or even of the present, it was just as clear that in a comparison with the other works heard at this Twenty-second Biennale, American music had won quite as much respect from this critical, even cynical audience as had any other national product. And that, as they say, is quite a trick.

—Gail Kubik.

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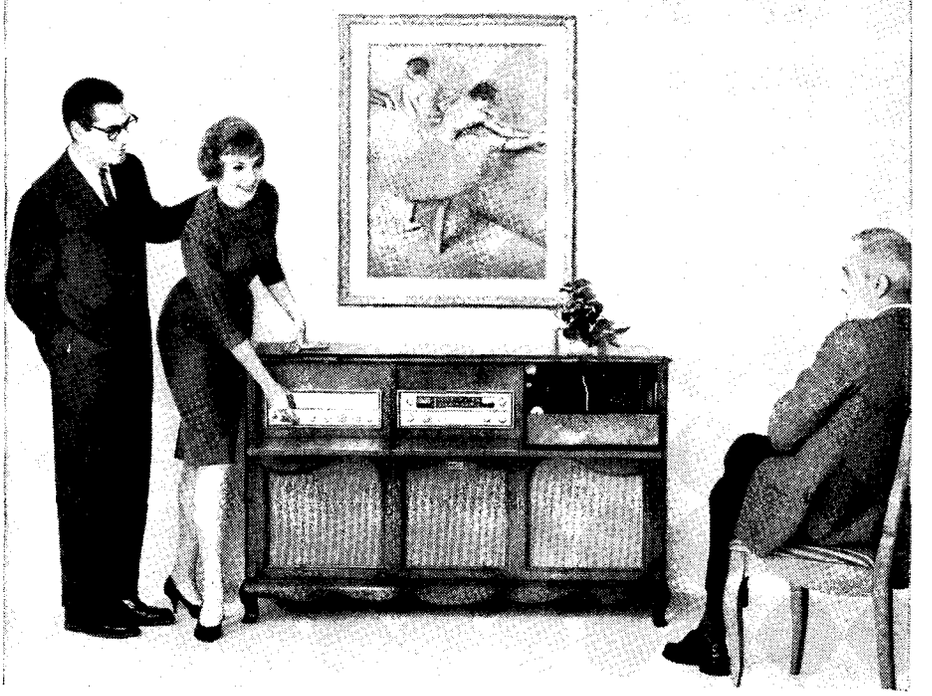

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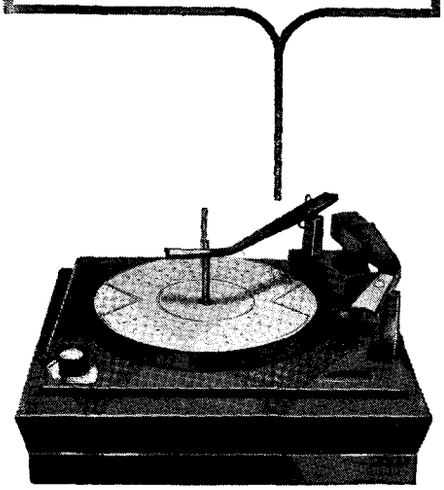

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THE AMEN CORNER

"Harvest Home"

MY RECORD bins are rich with autumnal jazz, especially in the small-band, modern category. The pianist Thelonious Monk, having had some unfortunate big-band experiences in recent months, is represented in wonderful quintet form in the LP "Five by Monk by Five" (Riverside RLP 12-305). I think one of the new performances, based on Monk's composition "Jackie-ing," is among the finest jazz records of any period I have ever heard. The theme is an exotic chordal line which suggests that Monk may have been listening to "March of the Siamese Children" from "The King and I" (certainly he has not copied it, however). There is a superbly jubilant, eccentric momentum built up between the leader's dissonant chording, Charlie Rouse's rolling tenor saxophone, and the bass and drums of Sam Jones and Art Taylor. Then an added starter lays down the brazen law—the brilliant cornetist Thad Jones. The other excellent tracks of the LP include another new Monkish theme, "Played Twice."

An elegant band with Detroit associations has Thad Jones as leader, composer, cornetist, and fluegelhornist; Billy Mitchell, tenor sax; Al Grey, trombone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Paul Chambers, bass; and Elvin Jones, drums. These are, simply, some of the best men in the country, playing a fastidious jazz, full of spirit as well as great technical finesse—"Motor City Scene" (United Artists UAL 4025). This, it seems to me, is the most valuable modern jazz direction, one which is not overly bemused by the possibility of bizarre instrumental combinations, "new sounds," but which clings to the balanced band and refines and ramifies the traditional jazz forms. There is another admirable example in the LP "Kelly Blue" with Wynton Kelly, piano; Nat Adderley, cornet; Bobby Jaspar, flute; Benny Golson, tenor sax; Paul Chambers, bass; Jimmy Cobb, drums (two numbers by this band, four by Kelly with bass and drums—Riverside RLP 12-298). Such groups of mutually respectful stars are bound to stimulate each other, in the manner of the older jazz, and I begin to feel that even the ancient virtues of group improvisation have had a fuller revival.

Another delight of the month is the first recording together (believe it or not) by the great veterans Benny Carter, alto sax and trumpet, and Earl Hines, piano (their assistants are Leroy Vinnegar, bass, and Shelly Manne, drums). Here are two of the most buoyant, graceful musicians in history, and it should be enough for modern fanciers as well as vintage ears to know that the album is called "Swingin' the '20s" and that its program of twelve numbers opens with "Thou Swell" and closes with "A Monday Date" (Contemporary M 3561).

Some of my fellow record reviewers were greatly excited last winter by a session of the Charles Mingus Jazz Workshop, which now appears on wax (United Artists UAL 4036). I have admired some of Mingus's work before, especially his "East Coasting" with the brass team of Clarence Shaw, trumpet, and Jimmy Knepper, trombone (Bethlehem BCP-6019). Mingus is one of the foremost string bass virtuosi and a composer of learning and seriouness. I have not, however, enjoyed his new Workshop program—the wan bathos of his ballad "Alice's Wonderland," or the flamboyant intricacy of the bass solos, which seem to me to depart from the rhythmic essence of jazz.

For brass addicts, cornet player Nat Adderley leads a warmly ingratiating program with "Slide" Hampton, trombone; Layman Jackson, tuba; Wynton Kelly, piano; Sam Jones, bass; and Albert Heath, drums. The general tone here is rather benign, in a syncopated way, and Adderley concludes with a moving "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child" (Riverside RLP 12-301). A full-dress brass section, "Brass Shout," with handsome arrangements by the notable Benny Golson, includes about as many masterly key and slide men as one is likely to encounter on a single disc. The featured trumpeter is Art Farmer, a man of golden merit, but there is also the young and powerful Lee Morgan, and the commanding lead man, Ernie Royal. The trombones include the dazzling manipulator Jimmy Cleveland; Wayne Andre; and Curtis Fuller, whose earthy, middle-range inventions continue to strike me as among the most solid joys in jazz trombone playing today. These two sections are filled out by James Haughton, baritone horn; Julius Watkins, French horn; Don Butterfield, tuba; and Percy Heath, bass. Finally, there is drumming by both Philly Joe and Elvin Jones. That will do (UA UAL 4047).

—WILDER HOBSON.

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Awards

(*Continued from page 43*)

and the casual inclusion of so much obviously partisan material demonstrate the inadequacy of a voting system which produces such results.

To those who would excuse these failings as hazards of democratic procedure, I wish to pose, then, the basic philosophic question: What is the purpose of NARAS's running a popularity poll? Is such a poll desirable? How can it bring distinction and recognition to our industry when it fails to evaluate the intrinsic merit of the products? It would seem that a popularity poll, in which artists and members of the industry merely vote for themselves, is superfluous, particularly since the public through its purchases votes for its favorite records every day, and trade paper charts already reflect these preferences. I see no merit in self-served awards won by the sort of electioneering and lobbying which, I believe, must inevitably accompany the NARAS method of balloting.

If a truly impartial critical evaluation is desired, I believe it can most objectively be obtained under the sponsorship of an organization such as the Record Industry Association with the aid of qualified observers and professional critics, who, by the way, are already polled annually.

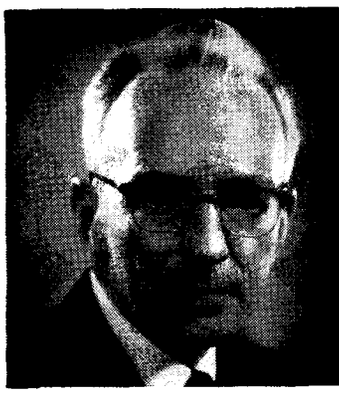
Columbia Records would be happy to cooperate with any qualified agency which would, in the largest and best sense of the word, truly evaluate and recognize our industry's participants and their work.

The NARAS balloting, which we now observe for the second time, does not in any way enhance the stature of the industry or its participants. Its inadequacies can ultimately only become detrimental to our industry.

If we all feel that awards can bring honor and status to the record industry, and there are very good arguments to support this view, let us at least devise truly objective methods which will confer real distinction on the recipients.

Sincerely,
Goddard Lieberson

Some members of NARAS to whom these objections have been made known agree that the nominating procedure may be subject to improvement, but also contend that a lack of interest on the part of some companies (including Columbia) has produced an unbalanced membership. Whatever the causes, the results, plainly, are awards without distinction, to which no well-informed record buyer or critic would attach any significance whatsoever.



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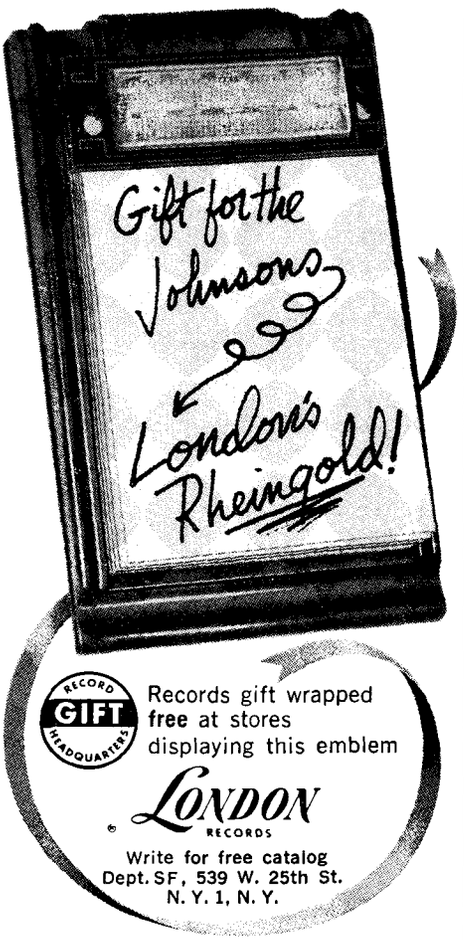

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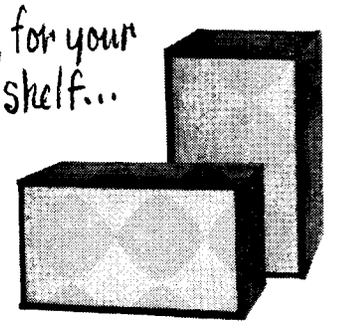

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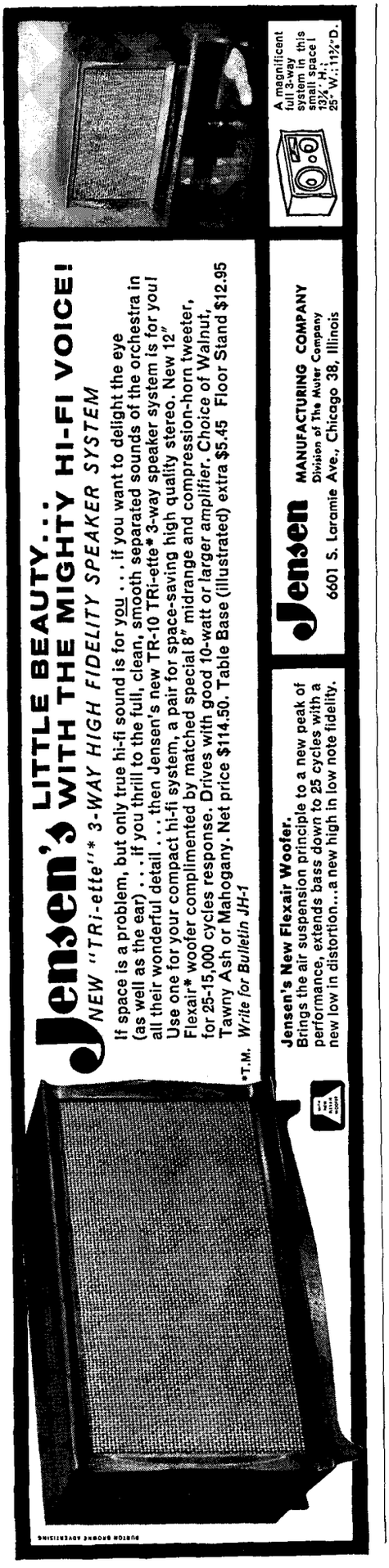
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Harpsichord

Continued from page 42

gation and exclamation points. . ."—qualities little exercised in this era of stereo (and sterile) preferences.

Some musicians wonder to what extent Landowska's interpretations—which have held such a magisterial sway for two generations—coincided with Bach's original intentions. Or could these intentions be in tune with the artistic demands of the twentieth century altogether? If anything, we can say here that no one ever strove harder to ensure that this be so. A long and difficult campaign sharpened in Landowska certain criteria and blunted some others. She was, for instance, most intolerant of composers who transcribed Bach's organ works for the piano and published them under the names of Bach-Liszt, Bach-Busoni; who put original "Bach, Mozart, Handel back on the loom . . . and after calumniating the greatest masterpieces, they dare couple their names with those of our supreme masters." Naturally, not all of us will agree with her harsh judgment, but we must acknowledge her right to pass it. This we can do easily after listening to certain current performers who constantly misrepresent these transcriptions. Moreover, it is unfair to criticize Landowska's approach without reading the vast literature she had produced during her lifetime in which she explained her exact reasoning on controversial points (unfortunately, much of her published works had not yet been translated into English). For example, she took up arms against the plague of "modernists" who backed the view that so-called faithfulness to the score is sufficient to do justice to the composer (how about the interpreter?). "Performances which we respect today for their literal devotion," wrote Landowska, "would have been quoted ignorant and barbaric by Mozart's contemporaries." She also talked about eighteenth-century ornamentation which, although entrusted to the taste of the performer, "was not inspiration alone, but a science, based on very severe laws."

Freedom versus faithfulness or piano versus harpsichord are matters of eternal dispute. Let us adjourn here by recalling the remark of Schweitzer, after he had listened to Landowska's hapsichord version of the Italian Concerto: "*Now* it is hard to understand how it could be played on the piano." There might be some who still fail to comprehend Landowska's magnificent contribution; while this is their prerogative, it involuntarily brings to mind Landowska's favorite philosopher, Nietzsche, who wrote: "The higher we soar, the smaller we appear to those who cannot fly."

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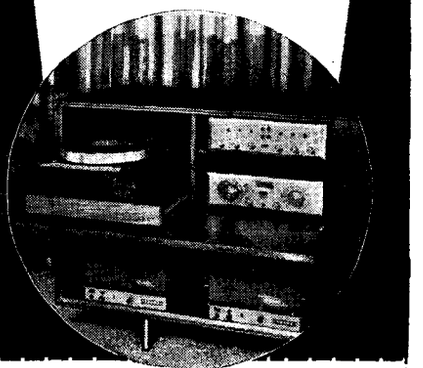

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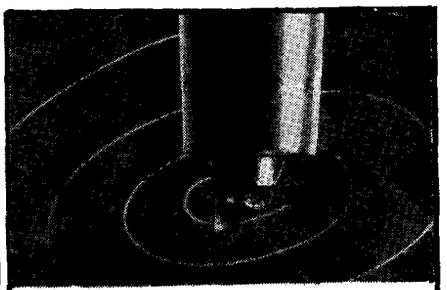

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Simionato

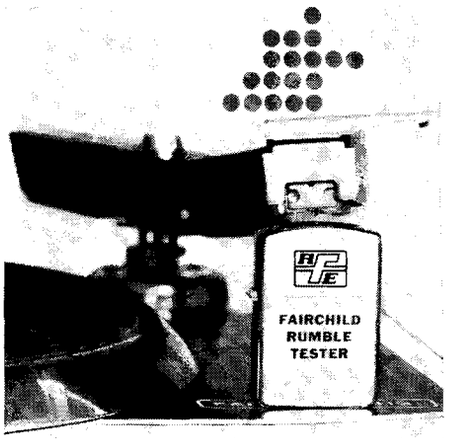
Continued from page 39

stein in "Fledermaus") better than, if as well as, his contemporaries.

The test, of course, is quality as well as quantity, and thoroughness as well as diversity. The extent to which Simionato qualifies for the implied accolade may be gauged from London LP 5269. Along with such customary mezzo matters as "Printemps qui commence" from "Samson" and "Comais-tu le pays" from "Mignon" (both sung in Italian) the "Habanera" from "Carmen" and the Letter Scene from "Werther," are her adroit "Non più mesta" from "La Cenerentola" and "Una voce poco fa" from "Il Barbiere," flanked by "O don fatale" from "Don Carlo" and Simionato's own special contribution to the lore of fine singing—"Deh! tu bell' anima," from Bellini's "I Capuletti ed i Montecchi." Clearly, the argument in favor of such a command of vocal art and styles must be based on two factors, one external, the other internal. The first, of course, is contained in the sheer beauty of much of the singing (the rather static "Carmen" excerpt is the least persuasive), the continuity and power of the vocal line she projects, the ease with which one note is joined to another without sliding or scooping, the surely centered intonation, the fine feeling for and active response to the dramatic point and atmosphere of the situation embodied in each selection. But it is the second, less apparent factor which is even more consequential: the resource of power for "O don fatale" which makes her management of "Non più mesta" so deceptively simple, the flexibility of voice for "Una voce poco fa" which underlies the varied inflection of Massenet's "Air de la lettre." In other words, rather than being mutually exclusive, as some "specialists" would contend, the full range of skills is subtly complementary to the *total* artistic effect with which she is concerned.

Lest it be supposed that there is anything particularly new in this—there isn't. It is, indeed, a throwback to some of the oldest principles in the vocal book. Some have pretended that this "book" can be conveniently rewritten, updated for purposes of accommodating those who do not want to abide by the rigorous letter it propounds, while somehow benefiting from its spirit. Indeed, the fabrications may be fairly convincing, so long as the proponent doesn't venture too far afield; but when so broadly based a vocalist as Simionato comes along, comparisons may not only be odious, but embarrassing.

It is perhaps the strongest clue to her character and distinction that one thinks of Simionato as "a vocalist" rather



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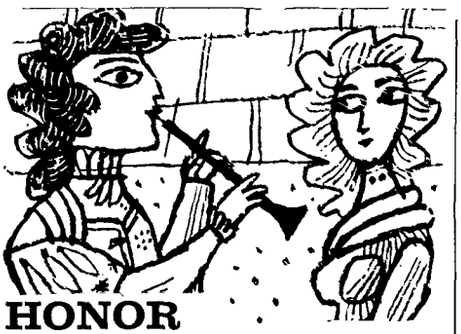

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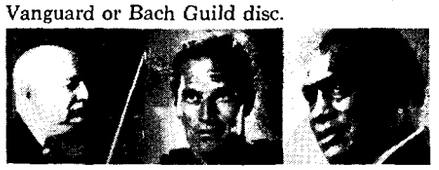

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than as a mezzo, an alto, or that practically unknown thing, a "contralto." For it is only within relatively recent times that kinds and conditions of voices have been divided, further divided and then subdivided, into the fragmented categories of the present.

Whether in "Figaro," "Così," "Zauberflöte," or "Don Giovanni," Mozart's female roles are uniformly labeled "Soprano" or "Sopran" (when the text is German), including Dorabella and Cherubino. None of Weber's operas shows a leading mezzo part, and even Adalgisa in Bellini's "Norma" is labeled "Soprano." As "Il Barbiere" of 1816, "Cenerentola" of 1817, and "Semiramide" of 1823 testify, Rossini expected his female singer to have just as much agility in the lower range as in the upper, to which there is no barrier save the inertia of the average performer.

Indeed, when a distinction began first to be made (about 1825), the first example was the remarkable Maria Malibran, who is described in Grove's Dictionary as a "mezzo contralto." Her repertory included not only Leonore in Beethoven's "Fidelio," Zerlina in Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Amina in Bellini's "Sonnambula," but also the leading roles of Rossini's "Otello," "Tancredi," "Cenerentola," and "Semiramide." Thus, by the standards of those who commonly sing such parts today, Malibran would have to be described as a dramatic-lyric-coloratura-mezzo soprano. As for Pasta, the first Norma, her famous parts also included Rossini's "Semiramide" as well as "Anna Bolena." If you can imagine Lily Pons, the last Metropolitan Amina, also singing Norma, you can visualize the narrowing of vocal horizons and the easing of musical requirements that have lightened the load of even our best-known singers from then to now.

Could one believe that the singers so lightened consistently soar to heights not attained in older times, the argument for specialization would have something in its favor. But when the relatively simple florid music of Violetta in Act I of "Traviata" becomes a hazard for the soprano who has "specialized" in producing the heavier sound suitable for Acts II, III, and IV, the obverse is obviously the case.

Thus such a singer as Simionato has made of herself becomes something of a general object lesson, of value to others than those who share some of the parts she sings, or aspire to the mastery of her total list. As the citation of a Malibran's or a Pasta's repertory attests, even she hasn't come close to the most of what is possible. But so much enterprise combined with so much accomplishment qualify her for description as "great" in a way that means more, merely, than well-publicized.

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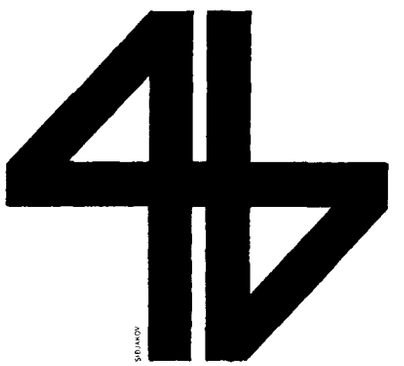

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

SUPERVIA'S ROSSINI

In reference to the newly available Odéon albums of Conchita Supervia, *SR* readers might be interested to find that the Rossini issue devotes an entire side to "L'Italiana in Algeri" . . . As an added dividend my copies have beautifully reproduced cover photos of Supervia taken from Covent Garden archives. Perhaps, Odéon will soon restore Supervia's lesser known operatic roles (Dalila, Mignon, Octavian). Another LP would almost cover them all with perhaps her delightful children's songs as a filler. I, for one, would welcome it.

John W. McGuire.

Perrine, Fla.

STOKOWSKI IN PHILADELPHIA

Next February Leopold Stokowski will return to conduct the Philadelphia Orchestra for the first time in almost twenty years. Is it too early to request that some of these performances be preserved on long playing records? There would surely be a large market for such records, as well as great historic value.

James Floody.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Editor's Note: *Let it not be said that the idea was broached "too late."*

PRO WALTER

The recent reviews of two of Bruno Walter's fine recordings leave this listener with a sense of outrage. In addition to the implication that Walter lacks the physical capacity to continue making records, the reviewer concludes by stating that "it doesn't add up to a powerful 'Eroica.'" To these ears, there is not only power, but also that subtlety and variety worthy of Beethoven, and characteristic of Walter's musicianship. Furthermore, the description of the "New World" Symphony performance as having a "lumpy kind of conformity" is a vague and inexact use of the English language which leaves literate people confused and which is unidentifiable in the music. This admirer of Maestro Walter will buy as many of his records as Columbia will offer (and purchase additional ones as distinctive gifts).

Rolland S. Parker, Ph.D.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Editor's Note: *Differences of opinion account not only for horse races but the total content of the Schwann catalogue.*

MORE ON "THE BOYS"

All artists and all lovers of the arts should be grateful for your article on Spoleto. Your examination of that pressure group which has increasingly infested the arts in our time is long overdue.

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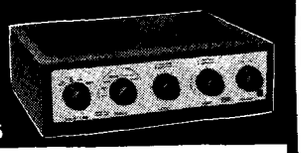

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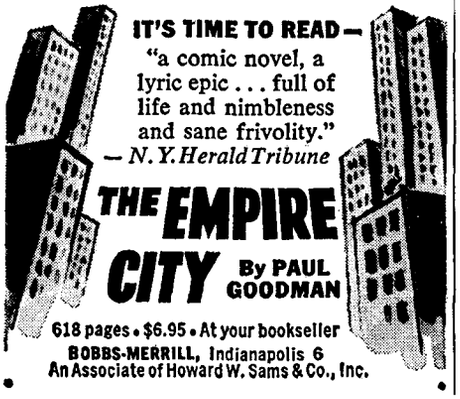
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are essential. All the major arts demand creativity and maturity. The fact that there has occasionally been a creative artist who was also one of the "boys" cannot justify the present wide control over the major arts by those whose activities, if widely enough extended, could only bring extinction to mankind. Art is life, not death.

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AND MORE

IRVING KOLODIN'S REPORT on the Spoleto Festival [*SR* July 25] was interesting—for its revelation into Mr. Kolodin's psychological problems. His description of the musical proceedings was interlarded with indignant references to infiltration by "the third sex."

I have been a regular concert-opera goer for over thirty years in the United States and abroad. During that time I've become accustomed to the fact that musical events attract a colorful cross-section of society: representatives from the social register, the theatre world and the lower East Side, persons speaking various languages, men in beards, women in sarongs, rich elderly men attended by lovely young ladies, and vice versa; and critics.

It has never occurred to me—as it has to Mr. Kolodin—that a part of the audience should be segregated; I had thought in the world of art and music, a seat was available to anyone willing to pay the price of admission. All I expect of the person in the next seat is that he be quiet during a performance. I'm not interested in his (or her) moral attitudes.

I respect Mr. Kolodin as a music critic but I wish he'd omit publishing his social phobias in the pages of an admirably fair-minded periodical. Norman Cousins, in the same issue in which Mr. Kolodin writes, describes the American spirit as containing the idea that the fruits of freedom ought to be enjoyed by all citizens irrespective of their minority backgrounds. Is Mr. Kolodin proposing modifications?

RICHARD H. GOLDSTONE.
Lieut. Colonel, Air Force Reserve.

New York, N.Y.

IMPORT SOURCES

THE BEST PLACE to get English LP recordings has not yet been mentioned by your correspondents, namely Ross, Court and Co. of Toronto; one of your standard advertisers. Most of the New York importers seem to specialize in a few types of vocal recordings, but Ross, Court has practically everything British in print. Lambert and Mycraft is probably better for HMV 78s and vocal LHMVs. Perhaps Discophile (N.Y.) is the best for French and German.

P. L. FORSTALL.

Evanston, Ill.

HI FI

AS A CONSTANT READER of *SR* I would like to answer E. M. Svoboda, Westmont, Ill.

I tried to obtain the Gigli HMV ALP 1681 and other HMVs from every known domestic dealer and could not. I finally did obtain it from England, from the firm of Henry Stanc and Co., 8 Dean Street, London, W. 1.

If you would contact Miss A. M. Prince of Henry Stane and Co. you will receive the best service there is.

My purpose in writing this is that there are at present too many so-called domestic dealers who will accept orders on records and then return your order marked "not available."

OSCAR S. POSNER.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS

A. Hesperus entreated her light, acc'g to Ben Jonson, who called her "excellently bright."

B. Large crucifix at entrance to the chancel, with its supporting member (2 wds.).

C. Most touchy or irritable.

D. Arctic region discovered in Amer. in 15th cent., referred to by Milton as "cold".

E. Fourth adjective describing the "free-born native" Tom, whom Don Juan slew—"so prime, so swell . . . and so knowing".

F. River port, center of trade for 1000 miles up the Congo, chief center of operations by Free French, World War II.

G. When the Ancient Mariner dropped his skinny hand, by order of the Wedding Guest.

H. Followed by Word I, familiar for the brant.

I. See Word H.

J. The nux vomica tree (2 wds.).

K. Fearsome.

L. Conduct only less than treason for lack of an overt act.

WORDS

70 107 22 184 36 109 17

75 88 28 34 104 41 145 93

73 177 154 77 30 84 123

137 97 129 189 2 54 181 7 87 158

132 92 160 39 27

187 103 64 72 156 45 20 13 82 100 120

183 14 49 62 61 91 29 163

96 35 90 78

133 116 141 76 99

128 140 102 31 115 4 42

79 147 126 58 182

153 86 69 1 53 110 9 26

DEFINITIONS

M. Abounding in tatters; unfinished and untidy in appearance (familiar but not in Webster).

N. Anything light, unsubstantial, or of little value.

O. Quercine.

P. Made red.

Q. The official and court language of Abyssinia.

R. Sequence of direct ancestors in pedigreed animals or plants.

S. A projectile exploded in flight by a time fuse—most destructive.

T. Incorrect title of an ancient shogun, made respectable by "Time".

U. Sweet-scented.

V. Friction; wearing down by continual slight impairments.

W. Formal word in telegraphy for the telephone receiver.

X. Colloq. for unstable.

Y. Self-governing; existing independently.

Z. They outgrabe when mome.

Z1. Organism which can thrive at high temperatures, as certain bacteria.

WORDS

192 38 168 48

139 117 190 59 175

74 122 51 101 149 6 165

186 173 108 66 83 15 193

71 179 144 159 105 130 174

23 113 131 196 81 47 162 5 52

125 32 188 155 112 138 167 44

169 24 150 57 172 197

46 157 191 106 161 21 65 136

67 63 60 40 124 146 152 170 166

93 114 55 127 195 3 180 80

171 10 85 164 12 19 121 119

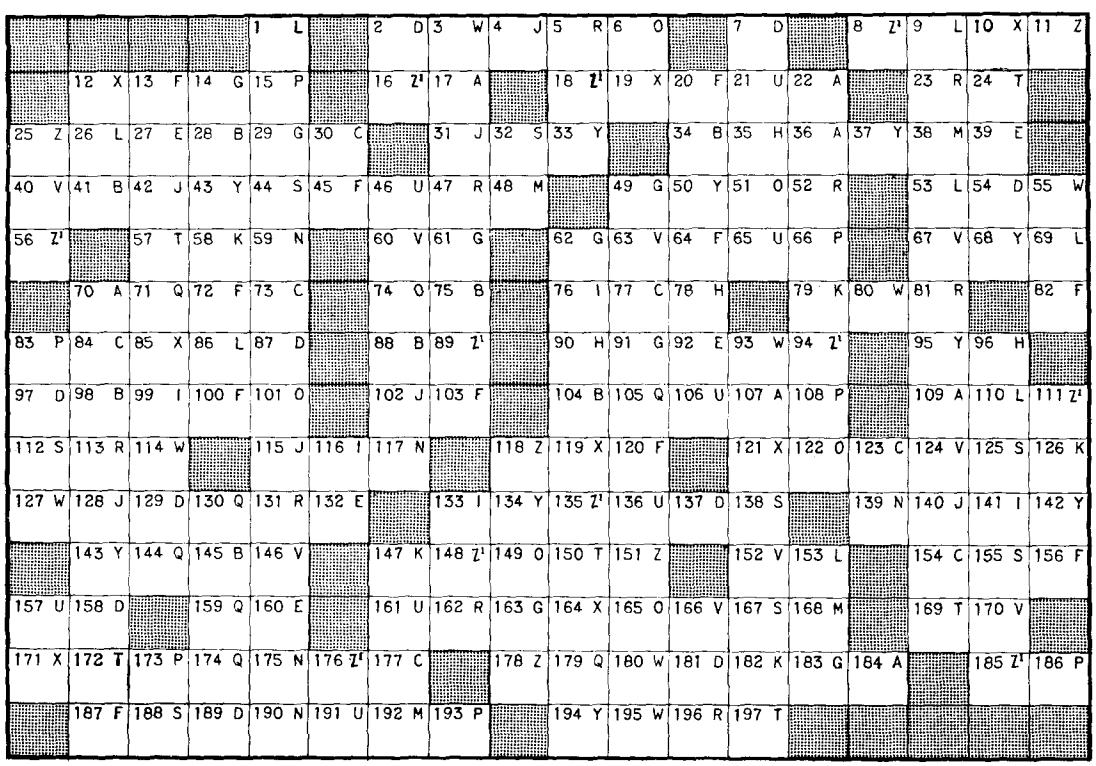
50 194 143 33 68 95 142 134 43 37

11 25 118 151 178

135 94 176 89 111 185 8 148 16 18 56

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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Masochism
Is Religious Piety Obsessive?
The Taboo of Virginity
Why War?
Dreams and Telepathy
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Splitting of the Ego
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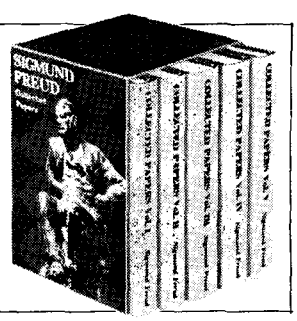
The Libido Theory
Why Day Dreams?



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